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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE Ontario political situation was clarified last week to an extent that had hardly seemed possible. Mr. Conant and the rest of his Cabinet with the exception of Mr. Hepburn evidently realized that they could not carry on with a Provincial Treasurer who regarded Ontario as being engaged in a war with the Dominion, and who had explicitly designated as Quislings his own fellow-ministers who refused to participate in this war; and Mr. Conant therefore acted on Mr. Hepburn's resignation, which had been in his hands for some time. The former Premier of Ontario is now a private member of the Legislature, and has at his own request been given a seat in the "Bad Boys' Corner" which he himself instituted some years ago for members dismissed from his Cabinet. In federal politics Mr. Hepburn has announced that he will support Mr. Bracken, an announcement which at the time of writing had not yet been responded to by any official greeting from Progressive Conservative headquarters.

The successful practice of the art of politics over a long period of time depends to a large extent on the ability to relegate one's personal feelings about individual associates and opponents to a very secondary place in the determination of one's behavior. Mr. Hepburn has never had that ability; his personal feelings about associates and opponents have always completely governed his attitudes and policies. The results of this quality in his character were slow in developing; they were obscured by other qualities—boundless energy, immense personal charm, audacity, wit (of a special kind) and unlimited ambition—which were highly favorable to prompt success. But in the long run politics requires something more than personal brilliance and energy; it requires statecraft, skill in the handling of all sorts and conditions of men. It is now generally realized that Mr. Hepburn does not possess that quality. He can hardly be expected to exercise much influence in future in the affairs of the Liberal party in Ontario, and it is difficult to see in what other milieu he can make a contribution proportional to his great abilities.

The Ontario Liberal party has still to face a convention, which will probably be held in May, and at which the question of the leadership will be decided by the delegates assembled. Mr. Hepburn's nomination of Mr. Nixon for that post seems to come too late; he had the opportunity to put Mr. Nixon in the premiership some weeks ago and preferred to put in Mr. Conant. The reasons for the change in his personal feelings about the two men are a little too evident, and besides that, a man who has announced his intention of supporting Mr. Bracken has not much status for nominating a Liberal leader. It is likely, indeed, that Mr. Hepburn's approval of Mr. Nixon was intended more to annoy Mr. Roebuck, who is the third candidate and who was present at the meeting where the speech was made, than to achieve any definite result in the convention.

It looks as if it would be extremely difficult for any rival to unhorse Mr. Conant, unless in the interim the Legislature under his direction makes a shocking mess of the labor problem which is its chief remaining bother. Mr. Roebuck has a record as strong pro-Labor man, and Mr. Conant was pretty closely associated with Mr. Hepburn in the great anti-C.I.O. campaigns; but the party may decide to get along without the C.I.O., or may even pass a labor law that the C.I.O. cannot greatly disapprove of. There remains also the possibility that Mr. Conant might head off the convention altogether, by calling an election the instant the Legislature has finished with its labor measure and the estimates for the year.

In regard to the labor measure, there seem to be indications that organized labor has much over-played its hand—possibly encouraged thereto by the beaming smiles of Mr. Heenan. Both the Toronto Trades and Labor Council and the CCF have gone on record with demands for legislation enhancing the powers of the "regular" unions both over their members and over their industries, prohibiting the so-called "company" unions, and yet failing to establish any responsibility on the part of unions or union executives towards their members or the companies for which those members work. These demands are now on public record; and they do not appear reasonable to any but the strongly unionist element of the voters, who, though more numerous than three years ago, are still far from being able to swing more than a very few constituencies. The recent strikes have not been popular with the general public. The Government's worst troubles here may be over.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CONSUMER. THIS LITTLE VISITOR AT A QUEBEC MAPLE GROVE OBVIOUSLY FINDS "SUGARING OFF" TIME A DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE.
(See pages 4 and 5 for story of Canada's maple sugar industry.)

Mr. Ilsley's Finance

THERE is no change in the *assessment* of the income tax on incomes of 1942. There is in the case of unearned income in excess of $3,000 a deferment of collection as regards one-half of the 1942 tax until the death of the taxpayer. There is in the case of all other income a "forgiving" of collection of one-half.

On the other, immediately collectible, half of the tax there is an expediting of collection, or rather an expediting of the combined collection of 1942 and 1943 taxes, which will admittedly have the effect of making some taxpayers pay considerably more than one year's taxes in the one year.

That this is a highly ingenious way of adding to the government's collections without apparently adding to the taxes we are obliged to admit, but that merely enhances the brilliance of Mr. Ilsley's financial management, which has earned him the admiration of his fellow-administrators of finances throughout the United Nations. Mr. Ilsley estimates the increase in the year's revenue from this cause at $115 million, of which $15 million is refundable; but $10 million will be lost as a result of other changes intended to make the tax more equitable to special classes of income recipients, all of whom seem properly entitled to the proposed leniency.

This increase is about one-eighth of the total receipts from the personal income tax as previously estimated, so that the taxpayers, or some of them, will unquestionably have to pull in their belts quite a lot. The chief victims are of course the unearned income recipients, and the advantage of this device in connection with them is that, being a single instance which cannot be repeated, it will have no deterrent effect on their disposition to accumulate capital and use it in enterprise. We have already recorded our belief that no further increase in the continuous taxes on such incomes is possible without very seriously deterring both saving and enterprise.

There is one observation which needs to be made about the effort to collect at the source as much as 95 per cent of the income tax on wages and salaries. This is a procedure which is quite workable in a period of continuous high employment at level or rising rates of pay. It will present grave difficulty in any period in which unemployment is at all extensive. The tax is ultimately based on the income for the year; but it is *collected* on the income for the week or month. Where the income for the week or month is a fair sample of the income for the year, all is well. Where the taxpayer loses his job during, say, four months of the year, his yearly rate is only two-thirds of his weekly rate, and the government may find itself owing him money instead of his owing it. An unemployed man cannot afford to wait until a government gets around to refunding.

"Forgiving" Taxes

IT IS not necessary, we think, to be too squeamish about applying the term "forgiving" to the action of the Minister of Finance in relation to half of the 1942 income tax on earned income and on $3,000 of investment income. The Minister uses it himself, and if we are careful about the sense in which we use it we shall be all right. Mr. Ruml was very anxious to avoid it, and Mr. Ilsley would have had good reason to try to avoid it if he had extended the "forgiveness" to investment income as a whole—which Mr. Ruml wants to do in the United States. But Mr. Ilsley with much political sagacity decided not to "forgive" anything to the recipients of investment income over $3,000; all they get is the privilege of paying half of their tax with the rest of us and the other half when they die, without interest for the interval. It would not have been popular to "forgive" the well-to-do any tax that they

(Continued on Page Three)

Unions and the CCF

See article by Conroy Cunliffe on page 6

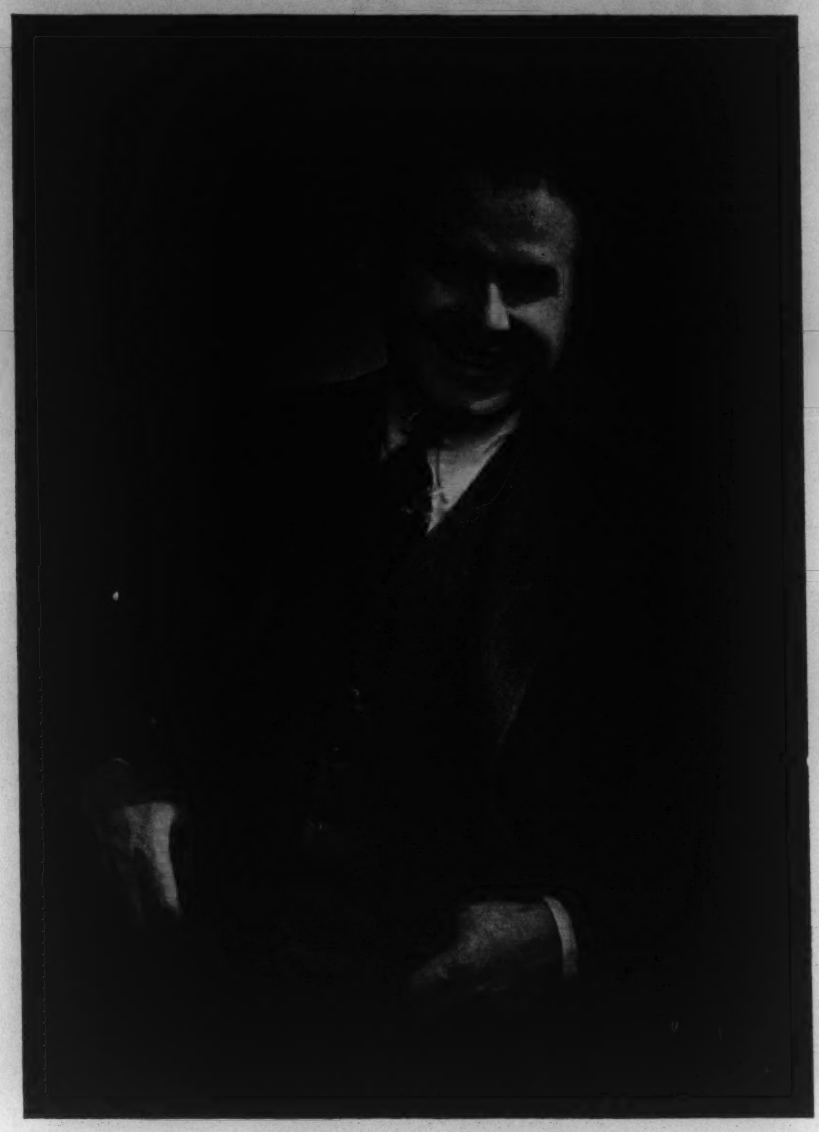
An important poem by E. J. Pratt, entitled "Father Time," appears on page 12 of this issue.

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

		Page
Conflicting Forces in U.S. War Effort	**Henry Peterson**	**8**
Doenitz Wants Revenge on Britain	**H. N. Thornton**	**12**
Shaking the U-Boat Stranglehold	**Willson Woodside**	**14**
Lieutenant Commander and Poet	**J. E. Middleton**	**33**
Gas Masks Have Poor Market in B.C. at $1.25	**P. W. Luce**	**9**
Some Plain Talk on Unemployment	**B. K. Sandwell**	**16**
Radio Sound Effects Not So Sound	**Frank Chamberlain**	**19**

THE BUSINESS FRONT

Gold Will Still Be World's Financial Servant	**Gilbert C. Layton**	**34**
Everyone Must Fight Inflation	**P. M. Richards**	**34**
Prejudice Against Insurance?	**George Gilbert**	**38**



GORDON GRAYDON, M.P. —Photo by Karsh.

NAME IN THE NEWS

Mr. Bracken's Greatest Blessing

BY COROLYN COX

GORDON GRAYDON is doing all right. In fact he shows signs of proving a unique figure in Canadian political history. His job is Leader in the House of Commons of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, the Progressive Conservative Party, on a temporary assignment that is only planned to last until the newly appointed Leader of the Party, John Bracken, gets himself elected a Member of Parliament.

With no enemies and (or because of) having no personal ambition, Graydon has taken on licking into shape a team for another fellow to captain, than which no more devoted service could be asked of any politician.

Graydon is a clean-cut, snappy looking man of 46, who has been round the Commons in Ottawa the last eight years without growing either faded or dejected. He was born and reared on a dairy farm in Chinguacousy Township, 32 miles west of Toronto, from which his father shipped milk into the city. Milking cows and running a binder as a boy, he decided to go only as far as entrance to High School, and then to fulfill his life's ambition of becoming a thresher. However, he went to his first political meeting in 1908, heard Richard Blain nominated, was inspired by the man. The thrill of running a threshing machine acquired rival attractions.

Two years later, Graydon went off to Brampton to High School, got his room and three meals a day there for $2 a week, managed on 25 cents a week allowance, and took great pride in his celluloid collar. He even rose to the Mary Trimble scholarship for high standing one year. Finishing school in 1916, he enlisted three times in the army, was thrown out each time. Giving it up at last, he went out to Winnipeg to work for the Canadian Northern Railway in its freight office.

In the fall of '17, he entered Victoria College at Toronto University, took a political science course. He did his first political speech-making for the Victoria College Literary Society, which divided into political groups, held an "election". Graydon led the Conservative group to damaging defeat, but the Liberals lost, too; the society plumped for some independent kind of group.

Directly Graydon graduated in 1921, he was articled to the firm of the Hon. W. E. Raney, then Attorney General of the Province of Ontario, at the time when the United Farmers of Ontario under Drury were in power. He read law at Osgoode Hall. Ill health upset his career a good deal then and at other times during his life. But he was called to the Ontario Bar in 1924, took his LL.B. at Toronto, the next year.

In the spring of 1925, after his father died, Graydon went back on the farm long enough to dispose of the two farms his father had owned. In the Dominion election of that year he came under the influence of his political godfather, Samuel Charters, spoke for him at Campbell's Cross, started his active association with the Conservative party.

Graydon moved with his mother to Brampton in 1925, settled down to law practice, became a partner of Harold R. Lawrence and continued with the firm which has today become Graydon, Lawrence and Cook. Two years later he married Daisy Giffen, school teacher, member of a prominent Liberal family connected widely throughout the County of Peel —always Liberal. Graydon learned political tact right in the home.

The Graydons took a house in the workingman's section of Brampton, have lived there ever since and have kept close both to agriculture and to labor as they rose in political importance.

By 1929 Graydon was secretary of the Peel County Conservative Association, and in '33 its president. The next year he assumed leadership of the Young Conservatives of Ontario.

Graydon is a loyal party man. He always felt in the days of his discontent that it was best to modernize your own party, rather than leave it for some new group, that politics would be corrupt and rotten only if you let it be, and that loyalty to your leader was important.

He stood his first Dominion election in 1935, won the Peel County seat that had been held by Charters, his guiding star, though the Conservatives lost the County to Duncan Marshall in the provincial election a year or so before. Graydon did a *tour de force* in canvassing his county, made 6,712 personal calls in five and a half months, averaging over 100 calls a day. This magnificent experience only gave him a majority of 170 out of 18 thousand votes. Obviously every day had counted.

Secretary to Convention

Graydon and Denton Massey appeared together in the new House in Ottawa, its "children", sitting under the stern eye of R. B. Bennett. In 1938, Graydon was secretary to the convention in Ottawa that elected Dr. Bob Manion as leader of the Party. Shortly after war broke out, he enlisted again, but once more they threw him out.

In May, 1941, Graydon was chosen National Chairman of the Conservative Party of Canada, spent five months covering the whole Dominion, gathering public opinion, attending 217 meetings. By the time the Winnipeg Convention took place, he knew his mind, seconded the nomination of John Bracken for party leader.

Politically, Graydon likes best just representing his own people at home. He likes people and they like him. He ran his affairs as an M.P. on an unusual direct-contact basis. He is a regular Eleanor Roosevelt for getting across intervening red tape and barriers to where people live. He had a string of weekly newspapers covering his constituency for which he wrote a chatty "My Day" kind of column from Ottawa, with the home town visitors to the Capital skipping in and out of the picture, proof positive always apparent that the man in Ottawa was never unmindful of those who sent him there.

Graydon describes himself as the party "handy man", a person with no "false pride" at all. When no-one else will do a job, they get Graydon. He says he has risen to the top by accident. Perhaps because he lacks personal ambition, he has roused no jealousies.

Plenty of Home Work

The name Progressive Conservative and the famous 14 points were not of Graydon's devising. He is, he says, but the devoted lieutenant of John Bracken, committed to put the Progressive Conservative Party in order in the House to fit the Bracken team play scheme across Canada. He has no desire himself to become an outstanding parliamentarian. The work outside suits him far better. There is in consequence opportunity for the group to develop. He who can may shine. Graydon will be only too pleased to watch him. And indeed, already one characteristic pose of this new Leader in the House is turning sidewise in his front row seat, looking at and giving his whole attention to the speaker from his own back benches.

Graydon has his "boys" grouped in seven committees, each responsible for special subjects, all determined to bring up the standard of the party's contribution to debate. Everybody is given a place on the team, every Member comes to the daily round table conference. It means a lot of "home work", especially for the leader himself.

There has been, says one shrewd Conservative old-timer, a plethora of brains in the Party, and it is as well now to try some amiability as well. Graydon does not antagonize anybody in his own party, is well liked by all the other parties. He brings into the War Parliament personal integrity and a conception of Opposition as keen criticism rather than virulent attack. Perhaps the greatest blessing Mr. Bracken will have in the House has preceded him.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Profits Tax Needs Adjustment

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WANT to suggest some reasons why in my opinion the present 100 per cent excess profits tax, if continued without some reasonable adjustments, is bound to be destructive to the small business man and consequently detrimental to the national economy.

I am, and have been since before the depression, the chief owner of a small business whose annual sales in round figures for the last six years have been as follows:

1937	$65,000	1940	122,000
1938	76,000	1941	267,000
1939	97,000	1942	432,000

The growth since 1939 is due in part to going out and digging up subcontracts and in part to developing a line of articles of our own for the armed services. The tremendous jump in sales created new problems and added considerable labor for all of us. The office as well as the factory staff agreed to work fifty hours per week and have continued to do so for over two years. Wages are frozen, but fortunately we had begun to pay bonuses before the freezing and are therefore able to continue to do so at the present time, though they should be more generous than we are permitted to make them.

In spite of this enormous expansion of sales, we are in the class which is allowed a maximum net profit, after salaries are paid, of $5,000. Our plant is completely written off in the Finance Department's books, so we are allowed no depreciation. Bad debt reserve is 5 per cent of our accounts receivable, though it is quite possible that 25 per cent may not cover the loss when the fighting ceases.

During 1941 we had to train quite a few new employees, so we did not hit our stride until September. The average production per person, including office and sales staff, jumped from $4,000 in 1940 to $6,000 in 1941 and to over $10,000 in 1942.

The employees who create this wealth are not permitted to share in it, and the company is not permitted to salt any of it away against future needs, because it did not show big profits prior to 1939. (I was urged to do so for 1938 by my banker, but he did not give any good reason for the suggestion, so I did not take his advice; I owed the business about $9,000 and wanted to clean it up, so I took a bonus of $4,500 and the cash value of some insurance policies and cleared off this obligation.)

In 1941 the excess profits tax was 75 per cent of the amount over $5,000 —and on the $5,000 we of course had to pay 30 per cent. Out of a net profit of $26,000 we therefore paid over $16,000 tax. For 1942 the excess profits tax is 75 per cent on the first half of the year and 100 per cent on the balance, so that with a net profit of $110,000 we must pay almost $100,000 in taxes before the end of June of this year. It is obviously impossible, out of so small a margin, to put aside the reserves which will be imperatively necessary to tide us over the very difficult period of post-war readjustment.

It is true that we are promised a refund of 20 per cent of the 100 per cent tax at some later date; but that will be years hence, after the government auditors have examined our books and made sure that we have paid all we should. In the meantime business will have passed through a period of reconstruction and readjustment which in many instances will force the small plants into bankruptcy because of their limited reserves. I have suggested to Mr. Ilsley that he issue a non-interest-bearing bond of some sort to cover at least a substantial portion of this refund, and thus make it an effective means of obtaining credit; such a bond need not be issued until after peace has been signed, and would therefore not be available as a means of expanding credit while war business is still flourishing. There may be reasons why this device cannot be adopted, but so far I have not heard of them. Possibly the Government is deferring consideration of the matter until the war comes to an end, but if so it is causing a lot of unecessary worry to business men like myself, who could be relieved by an announcement that this source of reserves will be made available.

When will people learn? Two members of Britain's ATS postal section consider an all too common problem: what to do with a poorly wrapped overseas parcel containing, among other things, some over-ripe fruit.

In addition to this bond proposal—which is merely a matter of making available to the business man when he most needs it an asset which is promised to him but which may otherwise come too late,—I think it would be equitable to all concerned, and highly beneficial to those who are in the group whose profits were low in the years before the war, to allow a profit of, say, 5 per cent on turnover before the excess profits tax is applied.

Small business is not asking to be permitted to take more salary or bonus or dividends. It is asking that consideration be given to the need for building adequate reserves, while trade is prospering, to counteract the inevitable loss on inventories and receivables which will follow the cessation of hostilities. The present excess profits tax takes all profits out and forces business into an unhealthy position, just when extra strength is going to be needed to carry it through possible tough times.

Toronto, Ont. "OAKLEAF".

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

would otherwise have had to pay; but it would have been very harsh to make them pay twenty months' taxes in twelve months, so they are allowed to pay fourteen months' taxes like the rest of us, and the other six months' taxes are, not forgiven, but left over until a time when they will no longer need the income.

Mr. Ruml was anxious to avoid the term "forgiving," and therefore argued that there was no "debt" to be "forgiven." To reach this conclusion he had to employ the term "debt" in a special sense, meaning an obligation entered into by deliberate action of both the debtor and the creditor. The income tax debt is of course imposed unilaterally; the government declares itself to be a creditor and the taxpayer to be a debtor for a certain sum determined by the government's measuring rod. It is useful to bear the distinction in mind; but all the same the income tax as fixed by law is something which the individual is going to have to pay, and to most people something that you are going to have to pay is a debt, and if the person—or government—to which you are going to have to pay it says that you need not pay it, he is "forgiving" you.

The result of the whole operation is to put the income tax on the basis of being paid as the income comes in, diminishing as soon as the income diminishes, and stopping as soon as the income stops, whereas until now it has diminished or stopped only eight months (and until recently only sixteen months) after the income has suffered that change. This arrangement will prevent an immense amount of difficulty both to the collector and to the taxpayer in the cases of the innumerable people who have small and variable incomes and no resources; and we regard it as one of the most important improvements—indeed the most necessary improvements—that have been made in Canada's taxation system. We have taken this view of it from the moment when Mr. Ruml's proposals first began to attract attention in the United States; and the advocacy of the pay-as-you-go plan in this journal has, we are confident, been an important factor in procuring its subsequent advocacy by many other periodicals and organizations and its eventual adoption by the Canadian Government—which originally looked upon it with the gravest suspicion and even permitted one of its financial spokesmen to announce that it had been considered and turned down.

Right to Privacy

WE HAVE every sympathy with Mr. King's annoyance at the disclosure, in a newspaper report of a supposedly private meeting of the United Church Ministerial Association in London, Ont., of a statement by the Rev. John Coburn, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Ontario Temperance Federation, that "Prime Minister Mackenzie King has been 'on the wagon' since the start of the war." Dr. Coburn, we fear, cannot be acquitted of responsibility for making this statement in a place which proved to be, and which he should have known might prove to be, unsafe in respect of privacy. He may not have been directly responsible for the communication of the item to the press, which was obviously a gross breach of faith on the part of somebody (not necessarily the newspaper reporter), but he made that communication possible. That he did it, no doubt, out of pure zeal for the promotion of temperance does not make any difference to the main point, which is that cabinet ministers are as much entitled to privacy in regard to their personal habits as anybody else, and that Mr. King obviously and quite properly did not desire that this particular personal habit should come under discussion.

Dr. Coburn's indiscretion unfortunately went beyond the subject of the Prime Minister's habits, and extended to quotation of a remark —which must obviously have been uttered in the most jocular conversational manner—by Mr. King about the Prime Minister of Great Britain. (We hasten to add that the remark was merely to the effect that his "pledge" had caused Mr. King "some embarrassing moments," particularly during "a visit with Prime Minister Churchill.") We suppose that remarks of this kind—entirely harmless in themselves, but unsuitable for general publication—are made every day by responsible statesmen to responsible journalists, who make no public use of them just because they are responsible journalists. They will probably be made with less freedom henceforth to temperance advocates, which is a pity. How Dr. Bruce expected to mend the situation by addressing (without notice) a question to the Prime Minister in the House we are unable to conjecture, but we have no doubt that his intentions were good. His explanation was that he sought to clarify the situation because he felt that there was a certain reflection upon Mr. Churchill. We think that he might well have left the subject, with whatever reflections there may have been in it, to the good sense of the Canadian people.

"THE RESERVES, MEIN FÜHRER, FOR THE SPRING EASTERN OFFENSIVE"

Flavelle Will Case

THE monumental and immensely important judgment of Chief Justice Rose in the case of the application of the executors of the estate of the late Sir Joseph Flavelle has been published by the National Trust Company, and in spite of the fact that the statute applicable at the death of Sir Joseph has been replaced by a complete recasting effected in 1939 there will be widespread interest in its interpretations. The Chief Justice, as was already known, found himself unable to agree with the very ingenious contention put forward by the late W. N. Tilley, K.C., for the children of the testator, that the provincial tax on long-past "dispositions" made by the testator was invalid in that such dispositions did not come within the power to levy "direct taxation within the province." Mr. Tilley's argument was not that the disposition was not "within the province" when it was made, but that it had ceased to have any existence within or without the province by the time the taxing officers came around. The Chief Justice however held that the constitution does not limit the province in respect of time, it merely limits it in space; it must not "go beyond its borders" to impose a tax. The province does not "go beyond its borders" if the disposition took place within them, even if it took place fifty years ago.

It is to be hoped that the public will not get the idea that because the unlimited retroactive provisions of the province's inheritance taxes are not bad in law, they are also not bad in justice and in policy. Their absolutely fatal defect, in respect of those two matters, is that they impose on a donation occurring in, let us say, 1893 the effects of conditions existing in, let us say, 1943, or fifty years later; and these effects may run to the extent of imposing on the person benefitted in 1893 a tax amounting to a large proportion of his gains on that occasion, even though the gains may long since have been expended in procuring him a bare living, and may indeed have been given him for that express purpose.

Let us suppose that Sir Joseph Flavelle in 1893 gave to a boyhood associate whom he found to be hard up a little matter of a thousand dollars to get him started in business. Let us suppose further that this friend prospered and was still alive at the time of Sir Joseph's death. If so he would thereby have become liable (had not Sir Joseph, foreseeing this, made provision by his will for his estate to accept the liability) for a very heavy percentage of one thousand dollars as succession duty. But if Sir Joseph, instead of living and prospering also, had died in 1894 or at any time before the Hepburn amendments, or had lived until 1937 and died bankrupt, this friend would have been under no liability to the province of Ontario whatever. In other words, if you receive a gift from anybody who lives in Ontario, you must not wish your benefactor to prosper, for if he does you will eventually be landed with a huge tax liability. In your own interests you must pray that he may either die a poor man, so that the Ontario Treasury need not bother either with him or with you, or that he may outlive you, in which case the Treasury cannot bother with you at all.

Let us add another "if." We have been supposing that Sir Joseph in handing out this thousand dollars in 1893 had no thought of repayment, and made no stipulation for it,—that he realized that it would be employed in a somewhat precarious venture, and did not want his friend to be under any obligation if the venture went wrong. But let us suppose that when the venture was successful the friend went to Sir Joseph and offered to repay the thousand dollars, and that Sir Joseph smilingly waved him aside and said, "Oh no, my friend, that is not what I intended at all. If you want to feel yourself free of any obligation in the matter—and I do not consider you under any obligation—just take the thousand and do the same thing with another deserving young man who needs a little help to get started." And let us suppose that the friend then made another donation to another young man. That would not in the slightest degree exempt him from the Ontario tax. But on the other hand, if he had given Sir Joseph a note-of-hand for the thousand, and his venture had failed and the note had become a bad debt, *that* would remove the whole thing from the purview of the tax collectors.

Even this is far from exhausting the fantastic possibilities. Let us suppose that the gift was not one thousand dollars cash, but was certain shares in a small company, and that these shares increased greatly in value in the fifty years interval; or was a certain piece of real estate which underwent the same appreciation. The Act, as we understand it, makes the donee taxable on the increased value of this property, whether he continues to hold it at the time of the donor's death or not, and whether he sold it even at a loss or not. This adds another group of circumstances to the already long list of circumstances occurring *after, and entirely independent of*, the taxed event, viz. the donation, which can affect the liability of the person taxed. It may be that the province has the right to impose such taxation; the judgment says it has. But that does not make the taxation either just or wise.

THE PASSING SHOW

TIM BUCK has cabled Stalin that the Canadian troops are impatiently awaiting invasion of the European continent. So they are —just as impatiently as they were when Mr. Buck was assuring them that they were being sent there as cannon fodder by the imperialist capitalists.

•

In some oil-furnace apartments in Toronto it seems the only thing that is heated is the language of the tenants.

•

Provincial authorities are permitted to stamp the number of a Canadian's liquor permit on his registration card. Travellers who require liquor permits in nine provinces are going to find their cards rather mussed up.

•

Champagne Taste

I long to fly to Edmonton
And greet to-morrow's early sun,
Scooting above the clouds with glee
As eagles do habituallee,
Winging without the least alarm,
Meeting a stewardess of charm,
And eating, with a joy intense,
Meals at the Company's expense.

And yet I do not fly afar
But journey in a tourist car.
The upper glories I must miss.
The reason (to be frank) is this:
Ten cents a mile! The rate is flat,
With travel-tax on top of that.

J. E. M.

•

The Jews in Europe are being practically wiped out, and Canadians are awfully sorry for them—so long as they will stay in Europe and get wiped out.

•

After the war India is to have self-government and freedom to leave the Empire if she wishes; and we rise to remark that if she does leave the Empire the whole of the Canadian coinage will have to be called in and replaced. It all has the words "Rex et Ind. Imp." after the King's name.

•

My Friends

Three men there are who done me dirt.
They broke my heart, they stole my shirt;
Caused all my troubles, all my shame;
For all my problems they're to blame.

Three men I really loved the best,
To whom I every fear confessed.
I'll beat those beggars ere I die.
—They are, Myself and Me and I.

AUSTIN CAMPBELL.

•

Identification discs, and the engraving on them, are apparently ranked as luxuries and subject to the 25 per cent tax, even in the case of members of the armed forces. Oh well, who wants to be identified anyhow?

•

The Quebec Government is going to give educational courses in hotel administration. We wouldn't know about Quebec, but in Ontario the first lecture would be on how to administer a hotel without hired help.

•

Member of the Family

He coaxed and coaxed. For weeks young Nick
just kept the pressure up
Until his Mummie did consent that he should
have a pup.
But since it came it's such a care his mother's
often said,
"When I allowed the thing in here I was quite
off my head."
But it is such a friendly mite, . . . a cuddly
little chap
With soft brown eyes and wagging tail, who
nestles in your lap,
That just last week I noticed, when wee Rex
was kind of sick,
She seemed almost as much concerned as if it
was young Nick.

NICK.

•

Luxury taxes have been raised in Japan, but it is said they cannot be imposed on hara-kiri, which is almost the only luxury the Japanese have left.

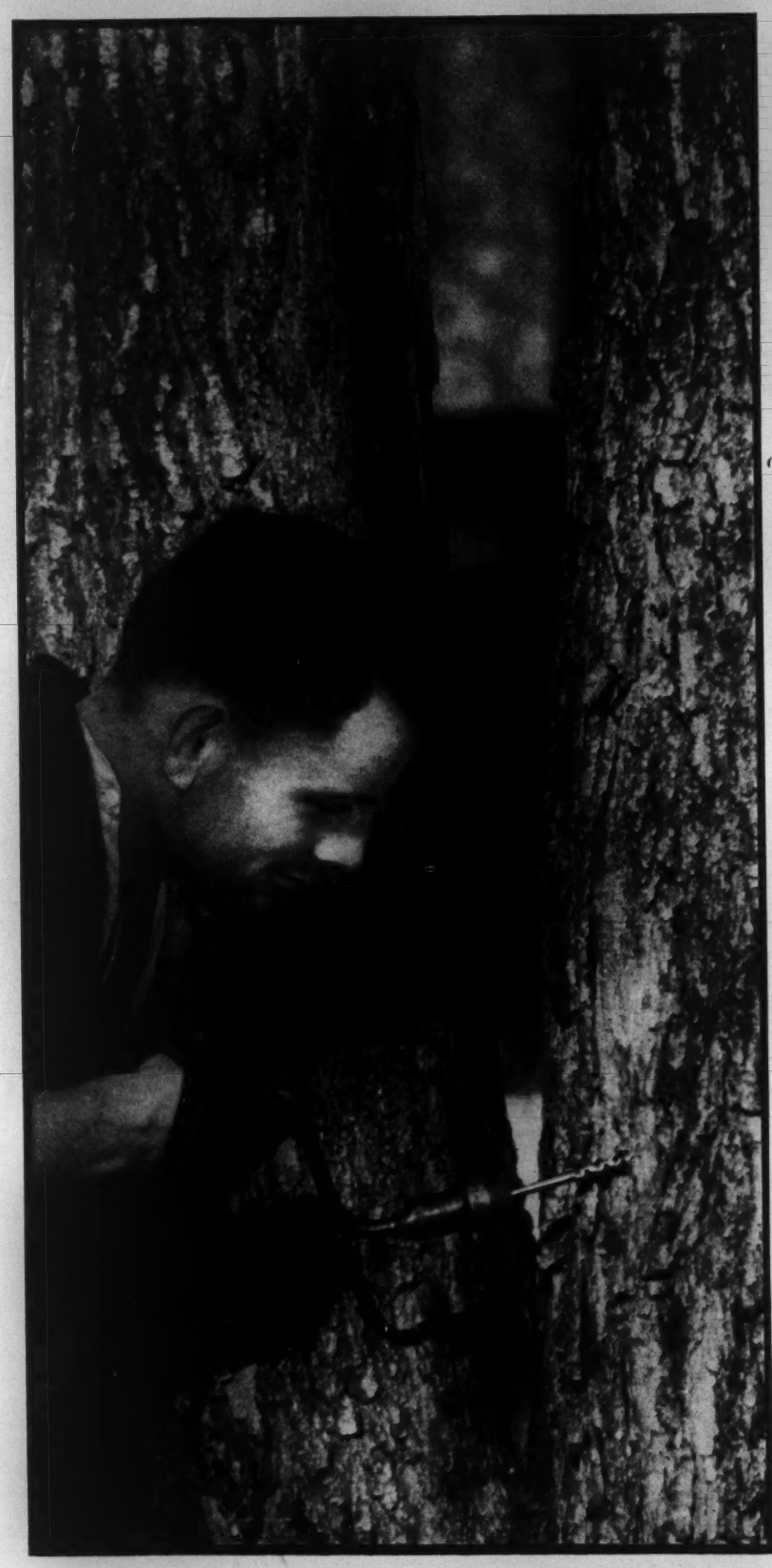
•

Vegetable marrow jam is prohibited by the sugar rationers because vegetable marrow is a vegetable. Somebody should tell them you can't judge by names; grapefruit has nothing to do with grapes.

• •

Have you thought what a lot of ration tickets Gandhi must have saved?

High Expectations Centre on Maple Trees . . .



Early Canadian Indians used their tomahawks to start the maple sap running, but modern tappers make incision with an auger.

Collecting the sap is a lark for these students, released from the class-rooms of St. Alexander's College, Ironside, Quebec.

As the pails fill up with maple sap, eager students dash from tree to tree, many hands making the work of collecting light.

By Collier Stevenson

SAP'S runnin'! That long has had a welcome ring, for when the maple sap begins to run it's a sure sign of approaching Spring, of Dame Nature's awakening to a new season of productivity and beauty, blue skies, golden sunshine and green-growing things. But running sap also is an indication that a golden flood of food and money soon will be enriching this Canada of ours, and that is particularly good news for a nation steeped deep in war.

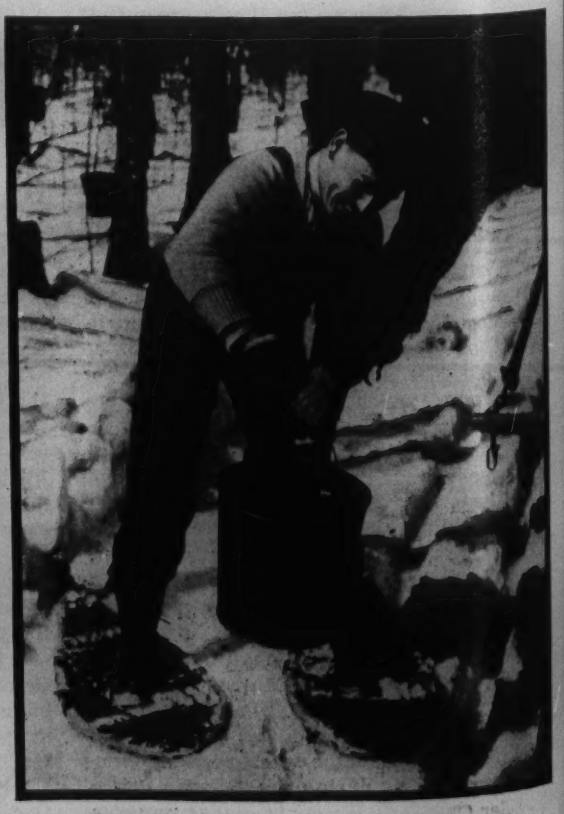
The food that maple sap provides is full-bodied, palatable, nutritious and plentiful, though not as plentiful as it should be, considering that the crop can be garnered when there is comparatively little other activity on the farm, and that its returns can be used to buy such farm spring necessities as fertilizers and seeds. It is estimated that at present not more than 35 percent of the stand of maple trees in Eastern Canada is being tapped, although it should be pointed out that a goodly proportion of the untapped maples are in Crown lands or in otherwise inaccessible locations. No less than 2,876,900 gallons of maple syrup and 3,737,200 pounds of maple sugar, however, were produced in 1942, these figures showing an increase of 43 percent over the 1941 crop. The monetary value, of course, also jumped; the gross farm value being $6,716,300 in 1942 as against $3,561,200 in the previous year.

ADMITTEDLY, compared with the billions the war is costing Canada, a few million dollars may seem trivial: nevertheless, the $6,716,300 which went into the pockets of farmers in maple-raising parts of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes during 1942 still is a lot of money for a seasonal product to earn and a very welcome addition to the income of agriculture.

There was an unusual demand for maple products last year arising directly or indirectly from the war. First of all, the rationing of cane sugar prompted a greatly increased use of maple for sweetening purposes by industrial users who hitherto had been able to buy unlimited amounts of sugar. Sugar rationing, too, affected the buying habits of householders, who turned to maple as a substitute. Besides, there was a great new army of buyers last year made up of workers, many of whom for years previously had not been able to afford maple products but again could do so with steady work and good pay.

No evidence of shortage here as a student empties the catch from a tree into the collection bucket.

When carrying a full pail 'tis well to watch where you're going. This collector failed to see the branch that tripped him; now look at him!



Snowshoes come into their own again when collecting sap in Quebec's maple forests.

. . . As a Big Sugar and Syrup Source in 1943

Pictures by Malak

Proportionate to the rise in domestic demand for Canadian maple products was the demand from across the border. Thus, up to the end of September 1942, in addition to maple sugar 380,000 gallons of maple syrup from the 1942 crop—the highest total in years—were exported to the United States.

The Canadian maple industry has made vast strides since those remote days—possibly centuries before a white man trod the shores of Canada—when some unknown, unsung Indian discovered the secret of making syrup from maple sap.

HISTORY is none too clear about those early beginnings. That the Indians were making maple syrup before 1673, however, has been authenticated by reports sent in that year by French priests to their superiors in France. Back as far as 1706 there also is a record of the production of maple products commercially, although the first transportation did not occur until 1712, when a small quantity was sent for marketing in Montreal.

The Indians converted sap into syrup by plunging hot stones into the rude containers until the sap had thickened to their liking. The first white settlers followed the Indian method to some extent, although they discarded the hot stone idea and boiled their sap in iron or copper kettles. Smoky in taste, dark-hued and none too clean, this early syrup cannot have been very appetizing compared with the syrup of today.

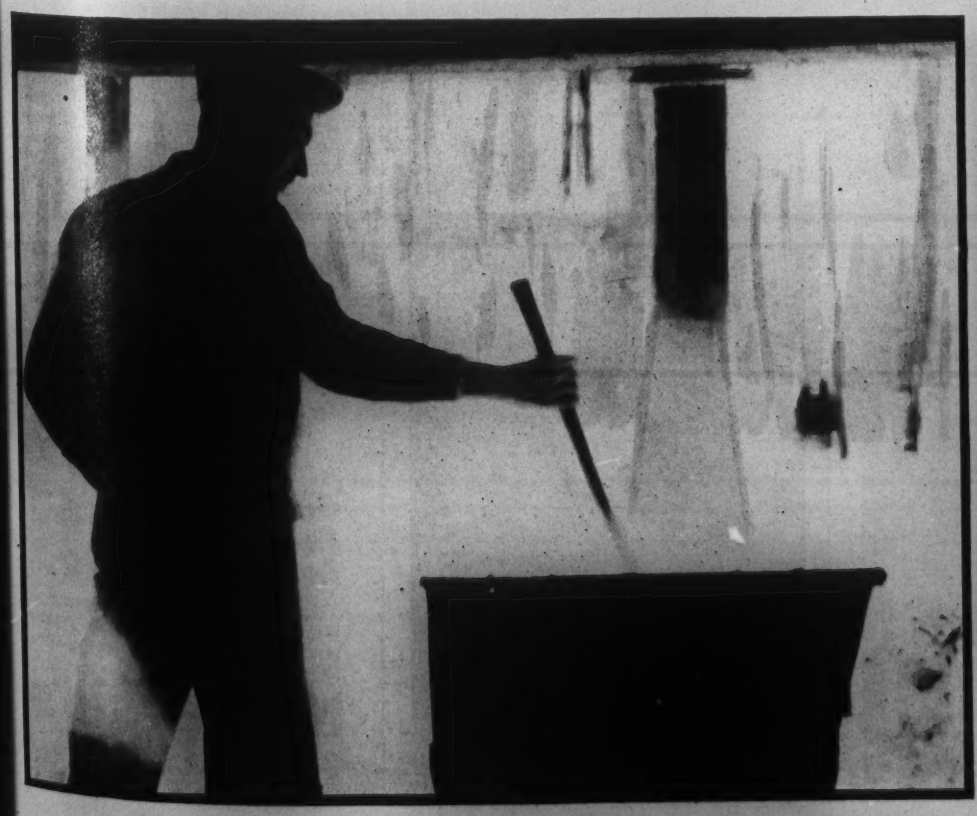
METAL spouts and pails, indoor evaporating pans instead of kettles heated over outdoor fires, clean utensils and careful straining of the sap before the evaporating process now all tend to assure a quality product, and, as a result of these innovations, the maple syrup which we enjoy is pure in content, golden in color and completely free of smoky taste.

The Maple Sugar Industry Act of 1930, implementing both restrictive and constructive measures to safeguard the purity of Canadian maple products, is administered by the Fruit and Vegetable Division, Marketing Service, Dominion Department of Agriculture, from which source the statistical and historical data in this article was obtained. It is of interest to note that less than 10 percent of the maple products analyzed by this Division have been found to be misrepresented or adulterated. And that speaks well for the whole Industry.

One of Quebec's most famous maple groves is that of the Order of the Holy Ghost, at Ironside. Thousands visit it at sap running time.

Successive strainings of sap before evaporating process begins guard against impurities in syrup and sugar. Here sap is strained as it leaves collection cart.

One of the brothers of the Order of the Holy Ghost tests the progress of some boiling sap.



This man's task in the sugaring process is most important. He must keep his wood fire "just right", so syrup will boil evenly, not burn and, when ready, pour . . .

. . . smoothly into little moulds like these, there to form the tempting blocks of delectable sugar of which, last year, Eastern Canada produced 3,737,200 pounds.

Labor Union-CCF Fusion in Ontario

BY CONROY CUNLIFFE

The C.C.F. project of a Labor-Farmer-Middle-class party has gone quite a long way in Ontario in recent months, and that is why there is so much excitement in the political boiling pot.

"Clarie" Gillis of Nova Scotia spent last summer in Ontario, and before he went back to his constituents he reported unions totalling 20,000 members "affiliated" with the C.C.F., including some from all of the three groups—A.F. of L., C.I.O. and national.

The American policy of getting representation in the old parties by controlling the primaries is considered unworkable in Canada where there are no primaries and the conventions are controlled by the central organizations.

THE history of the Ontario movement towards direct political action by units of organized labor, which has been a major cause of the political unrest and uncertainty in the province in the last few months and has completely changed the atmosphere from that of the "party truce" which prevailed up to the Hepburn resignation from the premiership, has not been adequately recorded in the press and has largely gone unnoticed by those who are not on the inside of the conflict.

It began in a sense quite a long way back, with the establishment of the CCF Trade Union Committee. This was a novel political entity, purporting to be a liaison between the provincial party headquarters and the various union offices, and did not at first imply any official relationship between the two. While it included many labor old-timers, its main energy was derived from a group of comparative youngsters who were out building unions in previously unorganized territories — streamlined modern laborites who came into the CCF in the depression years and had a strong socialistic fervor behind their union activity. To put it frankly, they were not interested in building unions merely as a means of jacking a few cents an hour more wages out of employers and getting better lavatory accommodation in the plant; they viewed them as a means of making labor effective in the politics of the province and Dominion.

In the favorable atmosphere of wartime conditions these youngsters were showing very good results in 1941 and the summer of 1942. And it occurred to them that it would be a good idea to get a lot of their newly founded unions together, in the persons of their accredited delegates, for a discussion of the political situation. The Committee therefore sent out invitations for a conference at the Labor Temple in Toronto on July 25, which date was selected for strategic reasons as being shortly before the CCF national convention. A surprisingly large number of delegates turned up. They heard Mr. Coldwell make a vigorous attack on the labor policies of the King Government. They met Mr. Noseworthy who had defeated Mr. Meighen a few months before. They heard the CCF provincial leader, E. B. Jolliffe, who is a lawyer when not practising politics, analyse the labor legislation of Ontario—under which, according to Mr. Hepburn's statement a little later on, labor unions are illegal. They cheered Angus MacInnis, the Vancouver M.P., when he told of the successes of the CCF in his province.

But what interested them most was the story of "Clarie" Gillis. He told how his union, the United Mine Workers in the Maritimes—tightest organized group of unionists in any Canadian trade or industry—had affiliated themselves directly to the CCF and were taking direct and successful political action. Speaking not only as a CCF M.P., but as a union member of one of Canada's oldest and most powerful unions, he urged the delegates to take similar action in Ontario.

Precedents Broken

The labor men talked things over. Virtually unopposed resolutions were passed, calling upon the union movements of Ontario to endorse the CCF as their official political party, calling upon locals to affiliate directly with the party and to generously finance its operations.

That Toronto conference broke a lot of precedents. To start with, the A.F. of L., C.I.O. and national unionists who attended seemed to get along famously despite the arguments between their higher-ups. Canadian union leaders who were daily competing for the allegiance of potential members moved and seconded each other's motions. Like the businessman class which had preceded them, the laborites had apparently discovered that it was possible for competitors to get together in the face of common problems.

Further, the conference dealt a body-blow to any lingering dream of a separate and independent Labor party which would be pure and undefiled by farmer or middle-class influences. This separatism had

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been long and valiantly nurtured by a small coterie of old country unionists who came to Canada just prior to World War I and who subconsciously still viewed Canadian labor as a colonial possession of the British Labor Party. The original Ontario CCF "Federation" of U.F.O., Labor party and middle-class club units broke up on this rock. It has been regularly reinforced since then by both the older parties and the bitterly jealous Communists, as a method of splitting CCF votes in industrial ridings.

The younger labor leaders at the Toronto rally were impatient with any idea of labor separatism. To oldsters who dared raise the issue the younger men speedily pointed out that, even if every federal industrial riding was captured by a Labor party candidate, they would still be smothered by farmer and middle class ridings.

With a shrewdness once again reminiscent of older politicians, the CCF unionists explained that, since the unions were the best organized and wealthiest unit of any labor-farmer-middle-class merger, they could afford to be quite tolerant. Any party to which they belonged would be financed by the unions and would therefore not betray the unions' interests—a materialistic but unanswerable argument.

A Principle Breached

Most important of all, the Toronto meeting made a serious breach in the "no politics" principle imported into Canada by the American leaders of the dominant international unions.

In the United States, where the primary system permits an organized group to name the candidate of either Republican or Democratic party, Labor has always held itself theoretically aloof from partisan affiliation. If the congressional district was strongly Democratic, the union men would "gang up" on the Democratic primary, thereby securing a labor spokesman. If the district was Republican, a similar job would be done on the Republican primary. The spectacle of Roosevelt New Deal support coming from both major parties in the American Houses stems out of this political technique.

This "reward our friends and punish our enemies" principle has had and still retains considerable sympathy in Canada. Most union constitutions prevent affiliation to a political party. Union spokesmen have bragged of their "freedom from politics".

But now the Canadian unionists are apparently seeing that Canadian conditions demand Canadian methods. There are no primaries in Canada. Party candidates are named by tight party-controlled conventions. The older unions are tired of fighting off employers with one hand and employer-financed politicians with the other. The younger unions, expanding rapidly into unorganized industry, are combining promises of immediate wage gains with glowing pictures of an after-war Canada in which the workers will have "their own government" and in which wars and depressions will be a forgotten shadow.

"Clarie" Gillis's Work

Mr. Gillis, with the permission of his Maritime unionist constituents, remained in Ontario as Director of the Trade Union Committee. His work was financed by a special fund raised by those unions taking part in the Toronto conference. During the fall of 1942 he ceaselessly toured the province, speaking to union locals, plugging the idea of direct union affiliation to the CCF. Reporting to a meeting of the Committee before his departure he revealed that, as a result of his work, some 20,000 Ontario unionists were now affiliated with the party through their unions.

The roster is quite impressive. The powerful Garment Trades organizations, both A.F. of L. and C.I.O. brands, are in. The aristocratic Toronto printing unions now pay monthly per capita to the CCF. The senior Algoma local of the powerful C.I.O. United Steelworkers is affiliated, together with numerous other A.F. of L., C.I.O. and national union locals. It is a revealing reflection on CCF shrewdness that they have concentrated first upon the leading unions of each bloc and faction. Every major group now affiliated can be counted upon to attract numerous other satellite locals during the coming months.

The CCF-union fusion is not being taken lying down by the major parties. The Progressive Conservative emphasis on labor is an obvious counter-move. The much-mooted Heenan "collective bargaining" bill is an obvious Ontario Liberal sop. The Communists are opposing the move within the unions, doing their best to build up Heenan as an alternate labor savior.

But the CCF has the advantage of the initiative and an inside track. Its labor support is of long standing. It promises the unionists a set-up through which they can take power into their own hands rather than depending upon political favors.

The union affiliations mean organized CCF support in the major industrial centres, revenues which are needed to run elections and expand into rural areas. This, added to the rapidly growing popular support which recent Gallup surveys have uncovered, means that the CCF in Ontario is no longer a lurking political shadow. It has become a party with resources and deep-rooted influence. It has a real chance of becoming the Opposition, or even the Government, in Ontario.

German loss, Russian gain. These 50 tanks are some of the booty taken by the Reds from the German 6th division when Stalingrad was relieved.

"I do what you would surely do...if you were there"

Wherever war with its black woes
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes
There, too, go I!

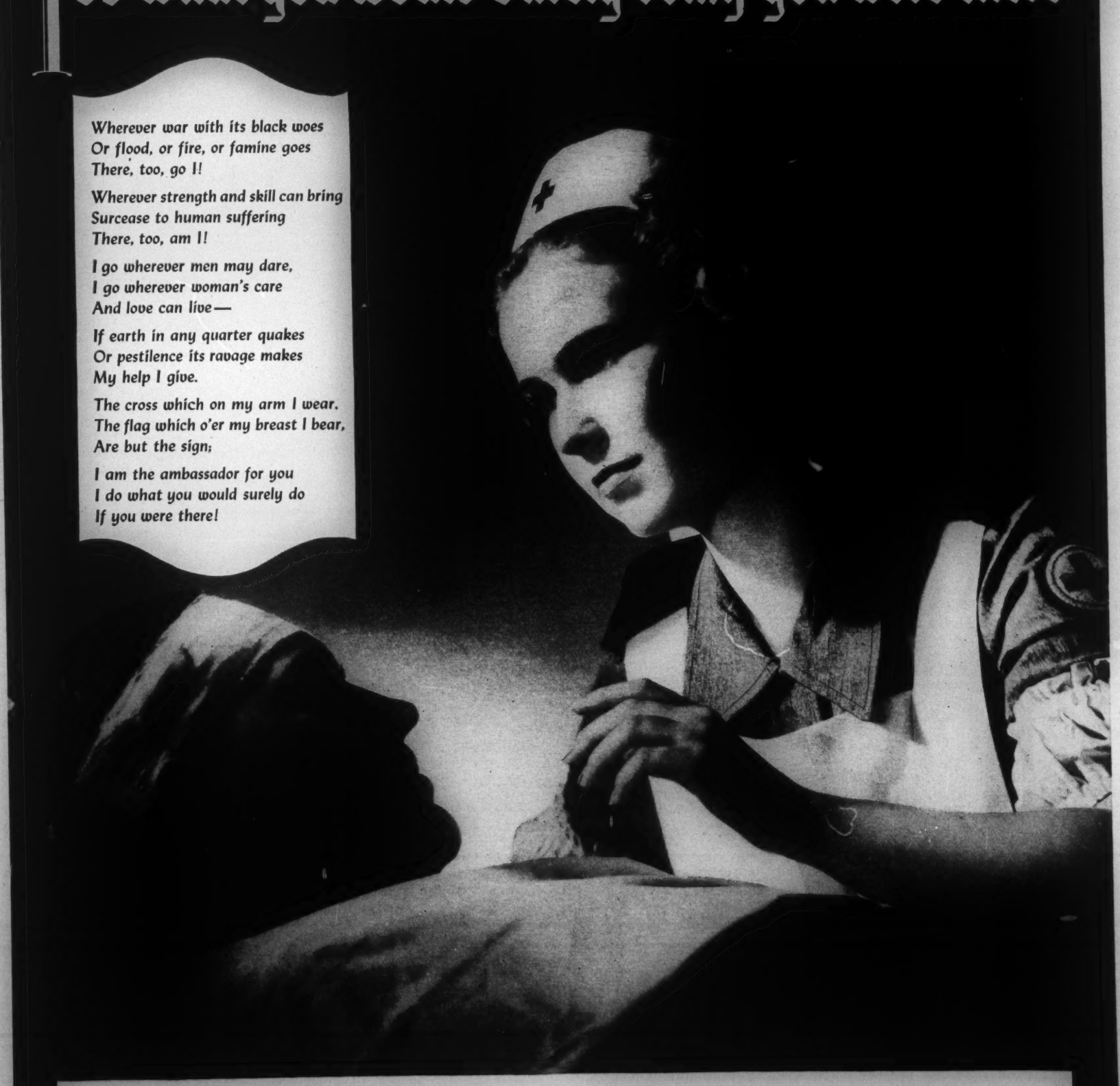
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering
There, too, am I!

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
And love can live—

If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes
My help I give.

The cross which on my arm I wear.
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Are but the sign;

I am the ambassador for you
I do what you would surely do
If you were there!



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Conflicting Forces in United States' War Effort

BY HENRY PETERSON

Mr. Peterson, who will be remembered by readers of this journal for his remarkable record of predictions regarding the course of the war, has been spending the last six months in the United States. He is now beginning a series of articles for us on the wartime problems of that country as he sees them.

In this article he discusses the factors which make unity of purpose difficult for the United States, which has known "neither invasion nor the threat of invasion," and whose political system was expressly designed to keep its people in two opposing camps.

THE recent Tunisian defeats are teaching most Americans that battles cannot be won with threats, promises or boasts, that battles cannot be won just by saying: "See what we're going to do to you!" or "Wait till we reach our production peak!" or "We have the best army in the world!"

I even find thoughtful Americans grateful for these initial defeats, for they believe they will give a healthy stir to the mighty melting-pot, which is America, and offset a too optimistic education. As Ralph A. Bard, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, stated publicly the other day: "The time for free passes is over," and this stern realist went on to declare that Americans can no longer afford to allow the Russians, Chinese and British to do their fighting for them.

In the last month an entirely new spirit has sprung up in these great United States, if my observations are correct.

Yet before I give some of them, may I say that it was months after arriving in Canada in 1940, after having seen how uncomplainingly, individually and stubbornly the Chinese civilian as well as soldier had fought against monstrous odds, that I dared comment on Canadian affairs. So it has now taken some months in New York and Washington before I dare put pen to paper on things touching the United States.

Perhaps there is something lacking, even remiss, in me as a journalist, for when I went to China in 1938—after having been born and brought up there and after having spent seventeen years, on and off, in the Reading Room of the British Museum researching on China's history, literature and her way of life—I just did not dare put pen to paper on things Chinese, except in news cables to the *News Chronicle*, because I felt I could not connect what I saw with my previous knowledge of the land. Then, suddenly, rightly or wrongly, I one day felt the key fly into my hands—ten months after travelling through some 4,000 miles of China.

So Will America

So today with America. In the last three years I have been able to pay this mighty country only three visits, on one of them travelling from coast to coast in a bus, yet I once worked my way through four States for eleven months. That may be nothing, or it may be something in having gained understanding through having received kindness. Still, it is only now that I dare make a few observations.

As I see it, it is now the turn of the American people to be caught up by the terrible logic of total war. They will react to it like all free peoples, though no metamorphosis can come in a night, as it did in Britain, because there can be no Dunkirk—no brilliant military operation by the civilian population—and the process will even be slow for several reasons.

Though the Chinese are, without question, the most politically-minded people on earth, yet they are the most homogeneous, thus unity has been easy with them. Though the British also love their politics, they are a nation of only 46,000,000 who have blessedly coalesced on a small island, so with them too unity has come about as if in obedience to a natural law. While with the Russians, though they are made up of over 150 nationalities, a centralized political system and a broad-based social structure produced by their revolution a quarter of a century ago have brought instant unity in the face of a ruthless and inhuman invader.

But unity in America must come out of a gigantic melting-pot of many racial incompatibilities. Further, the American people have not had the good fortune, the supreme spiritual good fortune, to know either invasion or the fillip of its threat, and their political system was actually designed to keep them in two opposing camps. Then they are a young people brought up on a too optimistic education based on the unquestioned virtues of "rugged individualism."

America's youth, it seems to me, governs her war effort. As a boy of twenty will go into the world with the impassioned advice of his uncle ringing in his ears and still commit the mistakes he was warned against, so a young country goes into war committing the mistakes, the ghastly blunders, that a more experienced ally has tried passionately to prevent by laying bare to it all its secrets and painfully-acquired knowledge. That is what America has done, and will continue to do, until experience brings first-hand knowledge. It is just a law of human nature, a law of war.

Unity More Difficult

Thus, pride of youth being added to immunity from invasion, which in turn gives licence to political and racial antagonisms, blunders must come not only on the field of battle but also in the organization of the home front. And the political battle must inevitably be viciously partizan, since both Senators and Congressmen are elected on local issues.

These human and political factors contribute powerfully enough towards making unity more difficult of attainment in the United States than in Britain, China and Russia or in Germany, Italy and Japan. But there are economic factors which contribute as well.

On the United Nations side, the United States today remains the only super-capitalistic state, as are Germany, Japan and Italy. Britain today is a socialistic-capitalistic state, Russia a purely socialistic state, while China prevented the formation of vast aggregations of wealth in individual hands 21 centuries ago by the abolition of primogeniture and the even reward of merit throughout the land.

The gigantic aggregations of wealth in the American trusts, corporations and banks—sometimes claimed here to be greater than the compounded wealth of the governments and peoples of Britain, Russia and China—make unity in production most difficult, for there is inevitably sharp competition between the great industrial groups for war orders, and such competition, based on the spirit of "rugged individualism", entails wastage of brains and energy which would be creative and productive in a co-ordinated national plan that has abolished rugged individualism, whatever its mainspring.

A Long Travail

How this total stirring of the young melting-pot is going to influence the rest of the world after victory is another matter of great importance, but it is certain that America has a long travail before it during the war. Even if Germany is crushed this year—chiefly by the Russian Army with the help of Britain's 4,000,000 battleworthy first-line troops—there still remains Japan, which has been dispersing her now well-fed industrial machinery for six years, and America will have to bear the brunt of that very tough fight, which some here believe will take four or five years.

So much for a glance at some of the vital forces in America's war effort, which appear to be constricted by the self-wound ropes of a giant. Yet can a giant of many racial stocks bounded by two vast oceans behave otherwise?

But this giant nation has a leader of calibre, a blessing which, let us remember, is not enjoyed by all nations at war. Superlatives are safer left to Hollywood.

Despite Mr. Roosevelt's good nature, he is a shrewd, a very shrewd, politician, and, being an all-out patriot, he adjusts the internal tensions with the country's good at heart. Besides, behind him are patriotic influences, mighty influences, which are as determined to smash the Axis, however hard the cartels are thinking of post-war business, as is any Russian corporal advancing on a German machine-gun post in the Ukraine, any British tommy who has dug his dead mother out of a heap of rubble, or any Chinese guerrilla, with memories of his whole family hideously slaughtered, who whets his big sword for the day of vengeance on mankind's enemies.

To make the German retreat in Russia as difficult as possible is the object of Soviet parachute troops like these. After landing at the enemy's rear, they are preparing the charge that will blow a railway track into a snarled mass of steel, thus hampering enemy retirement in the sector. Early this week the Red Army had gained a further important objective in their advance. This was the encirclement of the Nazi base of Vyazma, during which, according to Soviet reports, 8,000 Germans were killed.

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Income Tax Overlapping Not Avoided

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THE week has not been long enough for students of the Budget to figure the effect of Mr. Ilsley's peculiar adaptation of the Ruml Plan on their financial position in the current year. It appears to be a job for professional accountants and the Finance Minister admits that they are in such short supply that even his tax collection agency has a hard time finding enough of them to work out the people's tax bills for its own purposes. Little in Mr. Ilsley's Budget statement assists in the search for the actual meaning of his new tax payment plan in relation to the amount of taxes the average citizen will have to pay this year as compared with what he would have paid in the absence of the plan and it is difficult to avoid a suspicion that Mr. Ilsley and his advisers purposely put the explanation into involved and confusing terms so that the taxpayers would not have to absorb a too sudden shock.

In the absence of any satisfactory official clarification of Mr. Ilsley's version of the pay-as-you-earn tax collection plan it is not easy to attempt any interpretation of this most important feature of the Budget. The difficulty is particularly aggravated by the extent to which calculations as to the portion of the individual's 1942 taxes already paid are influenced by the portion classed as refundable. The greater the refundable portion of taxes on 1942 income, the greater the taxpayer's credit for tax payments on 1942 account. Taxpayers in the higher brackets were allowed to place a relatively small part of their 1942 taxes in the refundable column and under Mr. Ilsley's method of bringing tax payments into currency with income earnings they are to be credited with having paid a smaller portion of their 1942 tax debt than taxpayers in lower brackets whose payments in the refundable column were proportionately higher. The reasoning of this is not as clear as it might be but the purpose and effect appear to be to vary the degree of "forgiveness" of 1942 taxes on a rising scale of disadvantage to taxpayers in the higher brackets.

Mr. Ilsley appeared to over-emphasize his desire to avoid overlapping the payment of 1942 taxes with the current payment of 1943 taxes, because it is obvious from the terms of his announcement of the pay-as-you-earn system that there is going to be a great deal of overlapping, that no large body of taxpayers will escape it entirely, and that it will hit pretty heavily those who are already paying between a third and a half of their incomes into the Treasury. The statement that only one-half of the taxpayers' total tax liability in respect of 1942 income is to be collected appears to have substantial application only to those who had wiped out half of that liability by the first of this year and even these are not to escape higher tax payments this year since deductions at the source are now to take 95% instead of 90% of total taxes payable. Mr. Ilsley stated that the proportion of 1942 taxes which had been paid by the first of the year varied from around 33% to about 50%. There would appear to be room for a good deal of overlapping in the case of those whose tax payments to the first of the year amounted to something between those two percentages of their liability.

¼ of 1942 Plus All 1943

There are other indications that inadequate provision has been made for the accommodation of the Minister's professed concern to avoid imposing the hardship of overlapping the collection of taxes in one year on income earned in two years. An example is the case of the taxpayer whose taxes are not deductable at the source and who pays them in quarterly instalments. He paid a quarter of his 1942 taxes in October and a further quarter in January. The two further instalments that he still owed are now to be applied against 1943 taxes and apparently he will have to make two additional quarterly instalment payments to clear his liability in respect of his 1943 income. Perhaps in a sense it is correct to say that he is being forgiven half of his 1942 taxes but when this year is up he will have paid during the twelve months one quarter of his 1942 taxes and four quarters of his 1943 taxes. It will probably be easier for Mr. Ilsley's assistants in the framing of the Budget than for taxpayers themselves to reconcile this with the idea of avoiding overlapping.

But however you look at it it is clearly idle to seek to avoid the conclusion that the method adopted by the Finance Department for introducing pay-as-you-earn tax collection was designed to substantially increase the take of the Treasury from the people's incomes this year without the unpopular formality of increasing income tax rates. Little more evidence of what was intended is required than the fact that Mr. Ilsley is able to figure on an increase of over $100,000,000 in income tax collections for the year. One fancies that Mr. Ruml, after examining the Ilsley plan, must feel that his visits to Canada to promote recognition of the merits of his own plan were somewhat wasted. Such a feeling will hardly have been lessened by the Finance Minister's barring of unearned income above $3,000 from the limited benefits of his new system. But it was not to be expected, of course, that Mr. Ilsley would bring down any budget that did not contain a periodic reflection of the abiding conviction of our home front war lords that the most dangerous enemy is inflation and that the country can be saved only by reducing the spending of the people to a minimum, preferably by leaving them as little as possible to spend. There were only two conventional ways of lowering the spending ability of the people through budget legislation, those of increasing the income tax rates and of making non-essentials more costly by additional luxury taxes. After all the care that was taken to persuade the people that the severity of the tax rates imposed by the last budget was evidence of the firmness of the Government's course in the war, further rate increases at this time might have seemed somewhat premature, and many more luxury taxes would have conflicted with the price ceiling structure. A plan that would serve the purpose of reducing the residue of the people's incomes without causing trouble in other connections came in handy.

There are no deeper implications in the declaration of Canada's willingness to enter at once into discussions with other Allied countries looking to wide-scale reciprocal trade agreements than the desire of the Government to be in the forefront of the spreading movement towards freer world trade as a means of bringing closer the era of the common man. Informal and indefinite discussions between economic experts of Ottawa and Washington may have influenced the timing of a pronouncement such as the Mackenzie King Government could have been expected to make sooner or later.

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Vancouver, B.C.

RECORD-BREAKING snow conditions, more than two feet deep, coincided with the start of a plan to stagger office hours in an effort to relieve traffic congestion at peak hours. About 4000 white collar workers are affected, some starting at 8 a.m. and others at 9:30 a.m. and quitting at four and six o'clock. It will take some time to know if the plan is a success, as experience has shown that for the first few days office workers who leave early spend the extra hour in shopping and go home as usual when traffic is at its thickest. Later on they act more sensibly.

Staggered hours are by no means popular with many of those affected. The Richmond High School students staged a protest strike when they were told to arrive and leave an hour later. A petition circulated to 500 families recorded 347 objectors, this after the strike leaders had been suspended by the School Board which acted without advice from the principal.

Richmond High is attended largely by farm children who have home chores which must be done at stated hours. Many of the boys have newspaper routes which they would lose unless they are on the job sharp at 4 p.m.

An added and important objection is that the children, under the new ruling, would have to travel in the evening hours when traffic is at its thickest, as workers in war industries in the neighborhood quit at four o'clock.

Unwanted Gas Masks

British Columbia has not taken at all kindly to the idea of wearing gas masks. A small group of foresighted and perhaps timid souls made vehement representations for months before the authorities finally sent an ample supply of respirators to Victoria, Vancouver, and New Westminster. Approximately 25,000 were distributed to ARP personnel before there were any available for the general public. When these did come there was ample publicity, with the usual photographs of leading officials wearing the snoutmasks. Depots were opened with proper fanfare.

Six weeks later Vancouver officials were able to announce that 900 masks had been sold for $1.25 apiece.

As the government has banned all bargain sales it looks very much as if the gas masks must be considered dead stock.

TAXES

THEY tax the income coming in;
They tax the outgo going out.
They tax the things that make me thin;
They tax the things that make me stout.

L. V. G.

Reverent Sikhs

Twelve hundred Sikhs from all over British Columbia and many scattered communities in Alberta have paid their annual visit to Vancouver to celebrate the anniversary of Guru Gobind Singh, the middle-century holy man of their faith. The religious ceremonies occupied two days, and were witnessed by many outsiders. The Sikhs admit any person whose behavior is reverent.

Services are less formal than in Christian churches. There is considerable visiting and conversation among the devotees while the priest is going through the ritual. Children play without reprimand from their elders. All who enter the temple must first remove their shoes. A stalwart in a resplendent uniform guards the mountain of footwear against raids by neighborhood youngsters whose depredations in former years caused much ill-feeling.

The majority of the visiting Sikhs are of the laboring class, unable to pay the tariff demanded by the few hotels which cater to men of their race. During the festival they make the temple their home, sleeping in the basement in relays. It is one of the tenets of the Sikh religion that the doors of the temple must always be wide open to shelter the poor man and the wayfarer. The stranger is fed and lodged for as long as he cares to stay, be it a day or a year, but the hospitality is never abused. No charge is made, but naturally gifts are accepted.

During the festival thousands of meals were served by volunteers. Two rich East Indians, Kapoor Singh and Mayo Singh, donated all the food except butter, the rationing of which presented a tricky problem only partly solved by having most of the guests bring their own. Butter is the most important item in the Sikh diet. The Wartime Prices and Trade Board has been asked to allow the Sikhs a ration of one pound of butter per day, instead of the present half a pound a week, but has flatly refused.

Breakfast began early in the morning and continued until lunch was served. Lunch dovetailed into dinner, which overlapped into supper which was merged with midnight snacks lasting until two o'clock in the morning. Waiters, cooks, dishwashers, and stokers worked in three-hour shifts. Everybody had enough work to do and enough to eat. A good time was had by all.

On the Sunday a mass meeting was held in one of the downtown theatres, under the auspices of the Khalsa Diwan Society, to present the case for the political freedom of India. An impassioned plea was made for the granting of the franchise to East Indians in British Columbia, and a number of relevant resolutions were passed to be sent to the proper authorities at Ottawa.

No great hope is held out that these will have much effect.

Gas Masks Have Very Poor Market at $1.25

BY P. W. LUCE

SUCH men as this followed Drake and Nelson. Today, the Royal Canadian Navy in the same glorious tradition, is building the power and fame of Canada at sea. This fine study was painted for the makers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES by the well known Canadian artist, Marion Long, R.C.A.

Medical Advance Has Been Promoted By War

BY PAUL NORTON

LORD HORDER'S recent statement that we are now very close to the secret of cancer and can hope to hand down to our children the knowledge by which the world may be purged of this terrible disease is a reminder that total war has stopped the work of thousands of men engaged in the war against diseases which in any year rob the world of many more lives than bombs and bullets. War does not often directly lead to great medical discoveries, although the immense increase in the numbers suffering from special kinds of injury or disease sometimes leads to the rapid development of methods based upon research done previous to the war.

This has been the case in the present war with the treatment of burns. The research work on the new methods of treating extensive burns was done before the war. The spraying of the burn with three different dyes was first carried out in the Boston hospital some eight years ago. But it was only the Battle of Britain, with the many terrible burns inflicted on airmen and civilians, that resulted in this method becoming really established here for many types of burns. The measure of the advance is shown by the fact that burns extending over one-third of the body were formerly considered fatal, whereas now there have been cures where the burns have extended over two-thirds of the body.

At the Pearl Harbor catastrophe, incidentally, when the doctors were suddenly overwhelmed with burn casualties, the proper apparatus was insufficient and doctors went to work with "flit" sprays filled with the dyes, saving many from disfigurement and death. This advance and the new method of treating wounds by the "closed" method, devised by Dr. Winnett Orr and first used on a large scale by Dr. Trueta in the Barcelona Hospital during the Spanish Civil war have greatly reduced the terrors of disfigurement and amputation. We have yet to devise methods of avoiding the thousands of serious road and industrial accidents which continue in peace as well as war, but these and other advances mark a tremendous step forward in countering their effects.

Perhaps the most remarkable discovery that has been almost unnoticed outside the medical profession has been that of how the sulphanilamide drugs work! These drugs have worked "miracles" of healing for some years now. But little was at first understood of their action except that they "killed" the invading bacteria. Now the exact way in which they work has been discovered and it opens up enormous possibilities for the future. The drugs work, to put it simply, by denying the bacteria a substance essential to their growth. It has been found that there is a chemical relationship between the substance necessary to growth—the growth factor—and the chemical which prevents the bacteria making use of it. In other words, if we can find the "growth factor" for any organism, we can forecast that a chemical of certain structure will kill the organism. In fact a substance theoretically predicted in this way proved to inhibit the growth of the bacteria as forecast.

THERE are certain difficulties and of course much work remains to be done, but perhaps it is not too optimistic to say that these discoveries will lead to a whole new range of bacteria, responsible for disease and death, being brought under control. It may mark a new era in healing comparable with those introduced by antiseptics or anti-toxins.

Another war time discovery quite unconnected with the war is that of the substance penicillin which has quite astonishing powers of killing bacteria. Penicillin which is prepared from a mould was first prepared some twelve years ago, but it is only in the last two years that its anti-bacterial powers have been demonstrated. It is about three hundred times as powerful as the most powerful of the sulphanilamides, but it is very much less toxic, an enormous advantage. The medical problem is always to find a substance that will kill germs without, to put it crudely, killing the patient—that is why one antiseptic has succeeded another since the original use of carbolic acid for external use. Penicillin is only one of a number of bacteria killing chemicals that have been isolated from moulds, but it stands alone for its lack of harmful action.

The problem now is to prepare it in quantities. The exact chemical structure does not appear to be known and the indications are it is of such great complexity that synthetic preparation will be exceedingly difficult. Preparation from the mould is difficult and laborious. But these difficulties will be overcome and a very powerful new weapon added to the healer's armoury.

Plastic surgery, the science and art which by restoring scars and damaged features heals the mind as well as the body, has made considerable advances during the war. To show what is possible, Professor V. Strakhov treating a Red Air Force pilot whose eyelids had been scorched performed a complex skin grafting operation in which he gave him a pair of artificial eyelids. Surgeons in several countries have been using a new method of "glueing" together severed nerve ends giving much more satisfactory results. Professor Vishnevsky of the Soviet neurological clinic gave back a soldier the use of his arm in which a portion of nerve had been destroyed by grafting in a piece of nerve taken from a person killed in an accident. Previous efforts over the course of years to use nerves from animals had failed. Vishnevsky has devised a method of preserving nerves for this operation so that a complete "set" is always available for replacing any nerve when necessary.

How to grow your own Peas

Why the canners of Green Giant Brand Peas are running this ad

Here we are—the largest growers of quality peas in the country—asking everyone with even a small patch of ground to compete with us in growing peas.

Here's why: A large percentage of last year's pea pack went to feed our armed forces. Our fighting men and allies will need a larger percentage of the coming pack.

Yet this fine protein food is needed by all of us at home. So the more you grow in your Victory Garden, the better for us all. We wish we could spare you some of our secret breed (S-537) of peas but we need it all for the new demands. Here's how to grow your own—and good luck to you!

1-How many do you want?

Under *ideal* conditions, four double rows 25 feet long should produce 125 pounds of usable pods—about 50 "messes" of fresh peas for a family of four.

2-Get very best seed—early and late varieties

For four 25-foot double rows of peas get four ounces of an early variety and twelve ounces of a late variety. Discuss with your local seedsman and get best seed. Costs no more; work is the same. It is very important that you get a variety suited to your locality. (Get booklet offered below for further information.)

3-Time to start digging

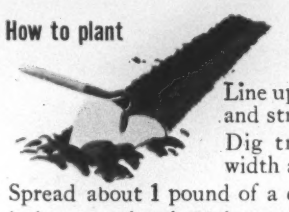
When you can walk in your garden without getting your feet muddy. First spread compost or manure (if you can get it) over the ground. Then start to work. Use spading fork. Turn soil in small "bites" only about 8 inches deep. (Most people dig deeper than necessary.) Break up each spadeful as you turn it over. Rake smooth.

4-PLANTING

Time to plant

When temperature of soil is about 45° F. Simply insert ordinary outside thermometer into soil so that bulb is about 4 inches below surface and leave about 10 minutes to register temperature.

How to plant

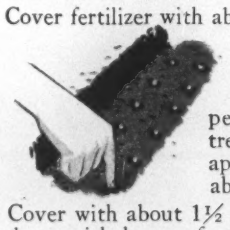


Line up rows with stakes and string.

Dig trench about hoe width and 5 inches deep.

Spread about 1 pound of a complete fertilizer in bottom of each 25-foot trench.

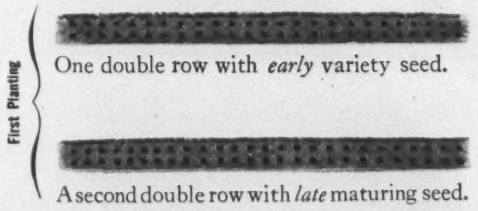
Cover fertilizer with about 4 inches of dirt.



Plant two rows of peas in partially filled trench. Rows 3 inches apart. Seeds in each row about 1½ inches apart.

Cover with about 1½ inches of soil and firm down with hoe or foot. Rake lightly to keep crust from forming.

THREE PLANTINGS—This should keep fresh peas on your table for several weeks . . . All rows should be about 30 inches apart.



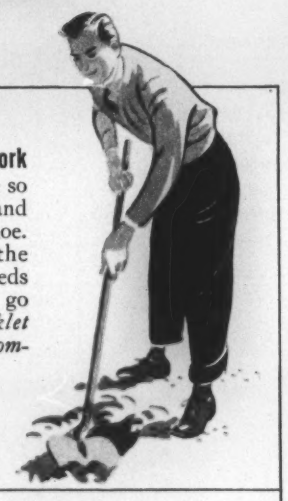
One double row with *early* variety seed.

A second double row with *late* maturing seed.

When plants of *first* planting start to break ground, put in second planting.
One double row of *late* maturing seed.

When plants of *second* planting start to break ground, put in third planting.
One double row of *late* maturing seed.

5-Here's where the work comes in—but it won't be so hard if you get out a file and sharpen the edge of your hoe. Shallow cultivating is the secret. Just scrape off weeds with sharp hoe. Don't go after the roots. (*Booklet offered below tells how to combat cutworms and aphids.*)



6-Pointers for gardeners

"Don't bite off more than you can chew." Plant only as much as you can really handle.

A sharp hoe is mark of a good gardener.

Gardens aren't for strolling. Keep the soil loosened up, not tramped down.

Water only when the soil is dry to about four inches down. Then soak well. Most people water too often and not enough.

Most people plant too deep. Four times the diameter of the seed is about the right depth.

And here's your reward—

the time when you begin to pick those home-grown peas. They will start to be ready about 15 days after the vines are in bloom. Don't try for big fat pods and full-grown peas. Gather them young—get them into the pan as quickly as you can. That's the way we do it on our Green Giant farms, with our Green Giant Brand Peas, to keep that garden-fresh flavor and to conserve their precious minerals and vitamins.

SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET TODAY

"The Green Giant's Secrets in Growing Peas and Corn"

This 28-page, illustrated booklet tells you many of the things we've learned about producing the finest quality of peas for Green Giant Brand cans. Simple directions for soil preparation, choice of seeds, planting and growing. Help for all gardening as well as corn and peas. Tested serving suggestions. Send 3 cents in stamps to Fine Foods of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario.

Packers of Niblets Brand Corn, Niblets Brand Mexicorn, Del Maiz Brand Cream Style Corn, Green Giant Brand Asparagus, Green Giant Brand Golden Wax Beans and

Green Giant Brand Peas

Britain Plans a Big Offensive On Insects

BY ROY McWILLIAM

BRITAIN and a dozen of her Allies have completed preparations for a tremendous spring offensive. Dumps of "ammunition" have been laid down, an intelligence and espionage system organized. Men specialized in this type of warfare are ready to go into action anywhere on the long front that stretches from Tunis to India and on battlefields covering many thousands of square miles. The enemy in this instance, is not the Nazis, but their counterpart in the insect world who are preparing to help them in their campaign against Allied shipping—the locusts.

Millions of people in the temperate zones have never seen a locust. There is nothing very fierce, indeed, about a single locust. But a large swarm of these insects, varying in size from four or five inches to half the length of the little finger and thinner, is one of the terrifying sights of the world, driving men to the verge of madness by the noise of their wings as they pass for hours on end and by the apparent infinity of their number.

Where locusts settle, every green leaf and stalk is completely hidden by their bodies and yet there remain sufficient of the swarm in the air to blot out the sun and even to hide buildings only a few yards away. When they rise after a few minutes, nothing living is left. Where there were thousands of acres of corn, there is just brown earth.

For thousands of years the people living in the great areas inhabited by locusts have looked upon their unpredictable and sudden visitations as "acts of God." They have caused famine in some years and always an immense reduction in the yield of fertile land. In recent years many attempts have been made to control them—their extermination at present seems a task beyond the powers of Man with all his science. The attempts have broadly failed because of lack of international co-operation. Locusts take no more notice of international frontiers than the Nazis and driven from one area simply attack in another in greater numbers.

Thousands of Tons

A million million insects is a moderate estimate of the number in a single big swarm. Thousands of *tons* of the insects, each weighing only about one-sixteenth of an ounce, have been killed and yet the numbers seem as great as ever. Flame-throwers have been used to destroy the insects at the rate of thousands a minute and yet they have had little more effect on the swarm than to turn it aside. The female locusts can replace their heaviest losses in a few days. Each lays several clusters of eggs and produces several hundred young which in their turn, can each produce several hundred more in the course of a season.

Now the war has brought new conditions and a new urgency to great areas along the Mediterranean, in the Middle East and in East Africa where the locusts do their worst work. The new urgency is due to the Allied plan of making the countries of this area as far as possible self-supporting in food production to save shipping. A far greater area has been sown with food crops. All this will be wasted if the locusts attack heavily as they may be encouraged to do owing to the greater supply of food. The prevention of wholesale destruction, therefore, is of first importance to the war effort. The locusts might, in a week or two, do more damage than all the U-boats in the Atlantic.

The new conditions result from the co-operation of all the countries concerned as a result of the war. For the first time it has been possible to disregard national frontiers. Every country from the Caspian to the Congo and India to Morocco is freely co-operating. Where no local organization for locust control existed, the services of experts have been supplied. In Persia, for instance, Indian, British and Russian experts as well as Persians are on "active service."

Every country has been visited by experts of the Anti-Locust Research Centre in London. An "espionage" system has been set up so that the movements of the locusts can be watched at every stage. This alone is of immense importance as it will enable the insects to be attacked at their most vulnerable stage before they have formed giant swarms which may fly a thousand miles or more and regard neither desert nor seas as obstacles.

The great weapon is poisoned bran which is eaten eagerly by the insects. The poison is sufficient to kill them but not sufficient to hurt grazing stock. The Intelligence service has now discovered the breeding places of the locusts which were until recently, completely unknown. They are in remote and inaccessible places—the coasts of the Red Sea, in Baluchistan and in Mauretania. They now keep such close watch on them that the directions swarms will take can be certainly predicted a considerable time ahead.

Winter is a quiet time for the locusts and it has given the nations concerned, working through the headquarters in London, the opportunity to build up the great stock of materials and to train the men for fighting the locusts. For the first time in history when the locusts begin to move in spring, they will find every hand equally against them.

So far no "perfect" weapon against the fully grown locusts in a great swarm have been found, but there is continuous research. The present methods will keep the locust under control and it may be that at some not very distant date the experts will discover some bacteria or parasite that is as prolific as the locust and able to prey upon it. The problem of destroying mechanically a swarm several miles wide and thick and sixty miles long seems beyond solution. The weight of an exceptionally large swarm has been estimated at 20,000,000,000 tons!

Chins-Up Meals

Conserve on food, but don't cut down on laughter at the table.
Renew the courage of your family with cheerful and attractive meals . . .
Gay colors and fine flavors can do much to keep the gloom
out of the dining room . . . Green Giant Brand Peas are grown and packed
for such meals. They are the extra young and tender kind,
packed when dewy fresh at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.

Free *An interesting and informative booklet titled* **"The Story of Peas"**. *It gives full details of the nutritional value of Green Giant Brand Peas with several enticing recipes. Write for your free copy today to Fine Foods of Canada Limited . . . Tecumseh, Ontario.*

NOTE:
Canada's Official Food Rules recommend two servings daily of green or yellow vegetables—serve Green Giant Brand Peas, of course, for the "green" vegetable. As a personal contribution to the Canadian Nutrition Program make your Kitchen Work for Victory. For your family's eating pleasure give them their vitamins the Green Giant Way!

GREEN GIANT BRAND PEAS
—with the Green Giant on the label
Packed by Fine Foods of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario
Also packers of Niblets Brand Whole Kernel Corn, Niblets Brand Mexicorn, Del Maiz Brand Cream Style Corn, Green Giant Brand Asparagus and Green Giant Brand Golden Wax Beans.

Doenitz Hates Britain: Planned for Revenge

BY H. N. THORNTON

The chief Admiral of Hitler's Navy was a submarine commander in the last war, and spent the interval between the wars getting ready for a new submarine campaign.

It was he who ordered the sinking of the "Athenia," and he is fanatically convinced that the submarine, used without limitation, will yet give Germany victory over her sea-using enemies.

SOME fifty years ago there was born, to a wealthy land owning family in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a bad tempered baby, who grew up to be a thin-lipped, hard-eyed, young man of most unpleasant character. His parents gave him the name of Karl Doenitz.

The Doenitz family have occupied land on the Baltic shores for generations. Their sons have either been land owners or gone to sea. They have all been of the uncompromising Junker type. When this boy Karl was just passing through the lanky stage, the ex-Kaiser was prating about the future of Germany on the seas, and the flamboyance of the last of the Hohenzollerns struck the youth's imagination. He was entered at the Kiel naval college. Just before the war he attained the dignity of a commission.

That young man is now the chief admiral in Hitler's Navy. He is in active command of the submarine campaign against the shipping of the United Nations. And he is the most ruthless and bitter hater of England in the whole German navy. He may yet be more important than all the scintillating marshals which Hitler has gathered round him in true Napoleonic style. He first went to sea in the old light cruiser Breslau, which was attendant on the dreadnought Goeben in the Mediterranean at the outbreak of the last war. The two ships managed to elude our naval patrols, and found refuge in Turkish waters. In fact it was the presence of the big ship in the Golden Horn which was largely material in bringing Turkey into the war against the Allies.

Young Doenitz saw some desultory service in the Black Sea, but his restless nature could find no expression, and so he asked to be transferred to the submarine service. This was about the time when Tirpitz was embarking on his foul campaign of unrestricted submarine warfare. That was just after Ober Leutnant Doenitz's own heart. He commanded two submarines in the Mediterranean, the U 25, an old ship, and the more modern UB. 68. He managed to sink many defenceless merchantmen, and was highly esteemed by his masters. But in 1918 he was caught. While attacking a convoy near Malta his craft was surfaced and the crew had to swim for it. But Doenitz saw that the submarine was scuttled. He was interned in Egypt, but the armistice made his period of detention very short indeed.

He got back to Germany to find that the High Seas Fleet had been surrendered at Largo Bay and taken to ignominious anchorage in Scapa Flow. The Boche under the treaty were allowed only a token navy with an obsolete battleship as flagship.

But a Captain Raeder, now the Grand Admiral, whom he has displaced as head of the German Navy, persuaded him to stick to the naval service in the hope that some time in the future German naval officers would again be drinking to *Der Tag*.

During the long period of the Weimar Republic, Doenitz held aloof from politics, but all the time he was doing everything he could to evade the naval clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Under those terms Germany was denied any submarines. But that was all one to Doenitz. If he could not have submarines at least he could perfect constructional designs.

Then came Hitler and his Brownshirts. The proud Junker sailor heartily despised the upstarts who had seized power in such strange and unexpected circumstances. But both he and Raeder, his chief, saw in the new regime a possibility of reviving the struggle against the arch-enemy England. And it so happened that when Hitler defied everybody and everything, there was Doenitz ready with his plans for submarines already made. Only the keels had to be laid, for he had already secretly massed the complicated machinery necessary to equip a small flotilla.

He himself used to sail the seas in his new U boats. He was for ever prowling round the British shores. Once when trying to snoop among the difficult currents of Portsmouth harbor a British destroyer noticed a strange submarine in the vicinity and dropped some warning charges. Doenitz and his officers were on the international mat for a while, but they managed to get away with it on some high powered diplomatic excuse.

When war broke out he gave the world a taste of his quality by ordering the sinking of the liner Athenia. He then gave out through the Goebbels machine that the British had done it to create hate against the Dritter Reich. No one believed the story, but Hitler thought it fine, and promoted Doenitz to Rear Admiral. As the war progressed this unrelenting German sailor has gone on building and building submarines until today Germany has the most formidable fleet of submarines ever possessed by any navy. He is fanatically convinced—and perhaps, not so fanatically—that had the Great War lasted until 1920, then the submarine would have beaten the Allies, or at least have caused a negotiated peace.

That is the idea which inspires him now. This dauntless ruffian has met with astonishing success, and he is the man who is most to be watched among all the spectacular leaders of Hitler's hellhole of Germany.

• •

FATHER TIME

WORRY had crept into the old man's face.
Why did he have to tilt the hour-glass
So often? Strange, he thought, this hurried pace
Of the atoms as they strove to pass
From bulb to bulb, fighting their way
From life to death in an unexplained stampede.

HE HAD measured many tempos in his season,
But never cared for speed.
He always liked the sanitary, slow,
Grave manner of the mountains.
He had seen them flow
In rivulets of crystal grains
Down through this very corridor
To the deltas on the ocean shore.
He had watched the plants and trees turn into coal;
The marks of the fronds were in the veins
Resembling those of his own hands and temples.
He remembered how he used to while
Away the aeons, pondering the roll
Of the Amazon and Nile,
The curve of the sand dunes of Sahara,
The depositions of the layers of gneiss,
The march of the granite boulders
Under the control
Of dynasties of ice.
He thought of the prehistoric file
Of the saurians, one long and leisured day,
On the crumbling bridges from Australia to Malay.
And now this new adventurer—
Which called itself a soul,
With its *melange* of pride,
Courage, honor, suicide,
Pursuing an eternal goal—
Had come along to wreck
His cool-pre-Cambrian sense of sequence.
He shot a last glance at the trek
Of the human granules through the bottleneck,
Then rose and smashed the glass, and with the dust
Christened the knoll—
SEBASTOPOL!

E. J. PRATT.

But WHAT OF THE LIVING?

FOR THE SORROWING FAMILIES of those who have "fought the good fight and finished their course," every loyal Canadian heart is filled with understanding and sympathy.

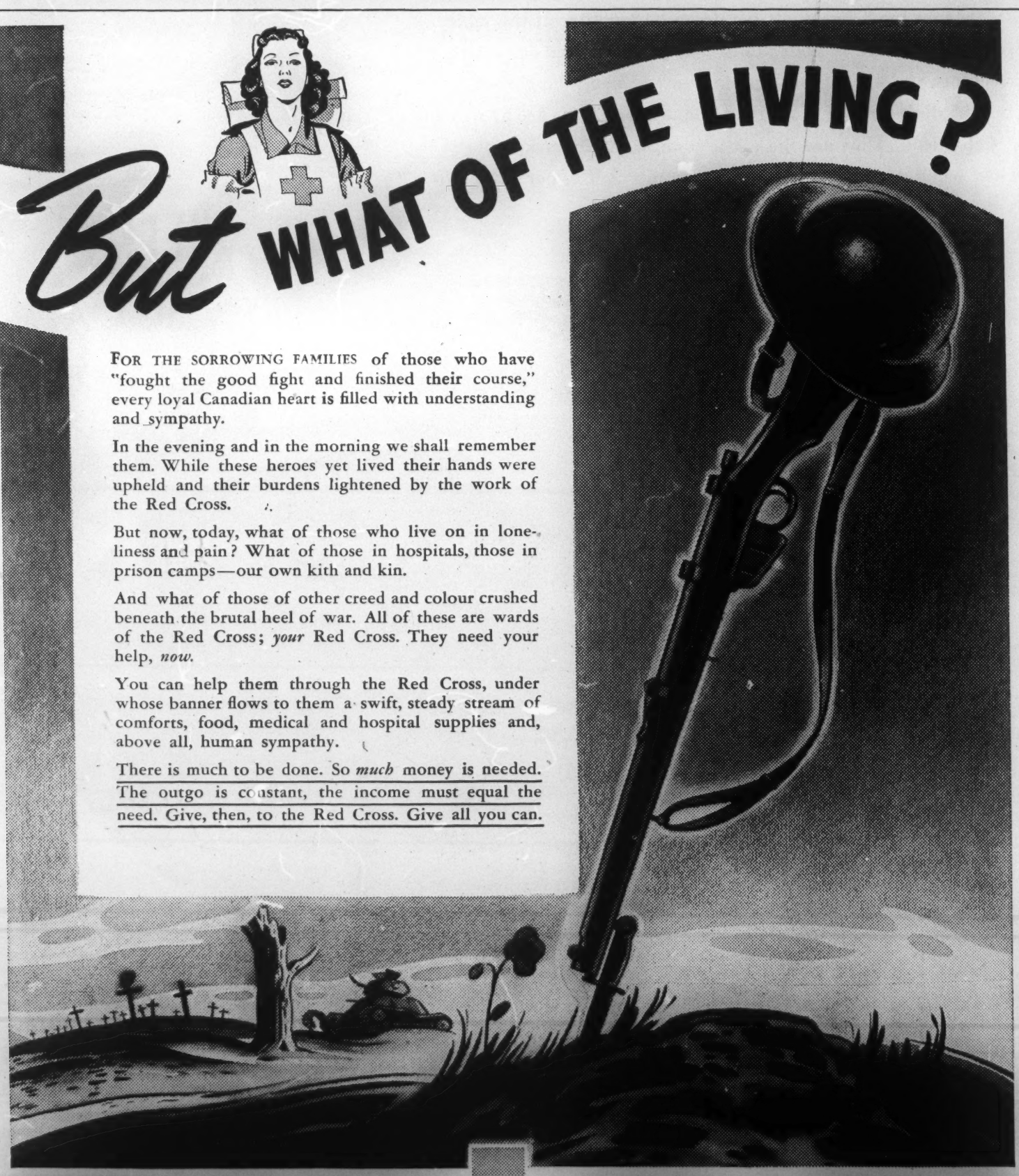
In the evening and in the morning we shall remember them. While these heroes yet lived their hands were upheld and their burdens lightened by the work of the Red Cross.

But now, today, what of those who live on in loneliness and pain? What of those in hospitals, those in prison camps—our own kith and kin.

And what of those of other creed and colour crushed beneath the brutal heel of war. All of these are wards of the Red Cross; *your* Red Cross. They need your help, *now*.

You can help them through the Red Cross, under whose banner flows to them a swift, steady stream of comforts, food, medical and hospital supplies and, above all, human sympathy.

There is much to be done. So *much* money is needed. The outgo is constant, the income must equal the need. Give, then, to the Red Cross. Give all you can.



CANADIAN RED CROSS

GIVE—human suffering is greater than ever

CANADA OVERSEAS

"Lights on by Christmas"

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

London.

ALTHOUGH it is without official approval, confidence grows by leaps and bounds among the people of Britain. "Lights on by Christmas" is not only the byword of the super-optimists; it is becoming the sober conviction of the great mass of people.

Having lived through the blitz and tasted the power of Germany, the British people have been chary about a quick ending to the war in Europe. But the combination of Casablanca, the Russian victories, the Churchill and Roosevelt speeches, and the undisguised desperation of German spokesmen has swept away the controls. This is the most buoyant winter England has known for four years.

It is argued, for instance, that Germany is alone at last, that she has lost her effective allies. Finland and Italy may be the first to throw in the sponge with official decision. Hungary and Rumania have left their military power somewhere behind the Russian lines. Germany, they say, stands alone against our massing power on all sides.

How much truth there is in these arguments only the chancelleries know. But the sort of confidence now sprouting is poor preparation for the tests to come. The battles have not yet been fought. And though we stand a very good chance to win, the Battle of Europe will cost us more heavily in casualties than any like period in the last war. We must brace ourselves for the sacrifice.

THE German radio is spending a great deal of time telling us where our landings in Europe will take place. A broadcast from Berlin recently stated that the Allied High Command will concentrate a trans-Channel attack on the submarine bases of Brest and Lorient—and, of course, that the German garrisons at these points have been heavily reinforced. The German argument is that our invasion of Europe must have a double purpose—the establishment of a bridgehead on the mainland and the neutralizing of the submarine ports.

A week earlier the German radio went on another fishing expedition. It stated that our first attack on the mainland will be at Dieppe—for the reason that we already know the problems involved in this operation. In any case, the Germans are convinced—at least, they want us to believe they are convinced—that our invasion of Europe will take the form of a cross-Channel operation against France, and that it will take place in the very near future.

British comment on these broadcasts consists of a long silence.

THE thoughts of all Canadians in Britain turn to General McNaughton. At this critical time we can have some conception of the crushing responsibility he feels. This grave, grey, thoughtful man has been moving along the lines of his troops on all of the recent inspections. He has welded them into the First Canadian Army of which he is general officer commanding. He has trained them along his own lines. He has incorporated in their plan of battle his own ideas. He has assented to the tasks they have been assigned.

During these next few months all of what he has done will be put to the test. His army is no longer merely a problem of organization; it is now a gamble in life and death. Not only his reputation depends on the result (that is, I am sure, a small part of McNaughton's concern); the performance and the lives of Canada's finest manhood hang in the balance. The hopes and exertions of the Canadian nation move with the troops into the coming struggle.

General McNaughton has the devotion of his troops and the confidence of his country. When the critical moment arrives, he will be fortified by these.

THERE is a curious alliance of policy between the Beaverbrook newspapers and those of the deep Left. Both are demanding an immediate second front on the western coast of Europe in order to take full advantage of the Russian offensive. Lord Beaverbrook's papers—the *Daily Express*, *Sunday Expess* and *Evening Standard*—have been arguing in unison with the *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle*. The other national newspapers seem willing to leave it to Churchill, Roosevelt and their High Commands.

Mr. Churchill made recognition of this demand in one passage of his speech to the Commons when he said: "When I look at all that Russia is doing and the vast achievements of the Soviet armies, I should feel myself below the level of events if I were not sure in my heart and conscience that everything in human power is being done to bring British and American forces into action against the enemy with the utmost speed and energy and on the largest scale."

Of course it may be argued that this second front talk this spring or summer may be a continuation of our 1942 policy of confusing the enemy. This argument has been heard. It is not accepted by the average Britisher. He sees too much evidence around him that a vast assault against continental Europe is on the way.

THE marriage of Major-General J. Hamilton Roberts, Canadian divisional commander and leader of the Dieppe operation, and Mrs. Anne C. Fullerton, a Horsham (Sussex) widow, points up one of the more pleasant results of the long residence of the Canadian Army in this country.

No complete figures of the number of marriages between Canadian troops and English girls are available. I usually put the question to commanding officers when I visit a unit, and my estimate is that 15 per cent of Canadian troops who have been here for two years will return to Canada with English brides. Now that action is imminent, this figure may be increased. There are a great many engagements which await only the signal of departure to blossom into marriages.

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Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

We said good-bye to Bill, today...

"IT may be a long time till we see him again. I wish I could have gone with him. But it was thumbs down, this time . . . too old for fighting over there. Yet we can fight right here at home! Bill's going to need fellows like his old gang at Anaconda. He's going to need guns, shells, tanks and bullets. And let me tell you, he's going to need plenty of them.

"That's where we can do our fighting. Bill and the rest of us have worked with copper for years! We know how important this rustless metal is in modern warfare. And believe me, Bill and all the other boys are going to get everything we can give 'em . . . and enough of it, too!"

Yes, these days, it's a personal fight for the men at Anaconda! Nearly all of them have sons, or brothers or bench pals somewhere in Canada's Armed Forces. They know how badly copper is needed for nearly every type of war equipment.

Yes, these men of Anaconda are fighting *now!* Fighting to turn out *more* copper for projectile bands, *more* brass for cartridge cases and time fuses, *more* and *still more* copper and bronze for essential parts of guns, tanks, planes and ships. Already production is more than four times normal peace-time output . . . and still they strive for *more.* They're fighters, in spirit and body, though not in uniform. And they'll keep right on fighting till after Victory, when Anaconda turns again to fabricating copper for its many peace-time uses in the home.

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THE HITLER WAR

Shaking the Stranglehold of the U-Boats

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

WHEN the Russians talk about bearing the whole weight of the war one of the things which they leave almost entirely out of account is our gigantic struggle against the U-boats. A continental people, they think in continental terms. Probably they consider that they face enormous problems in moving masses of men and supplies over great distances by rail. But at least every man and every ton of their supplies is "landed", so to speak; they only have to be moved forward by train or truck.

The Soviets just don't seem to appreciate what an enormous difference there is between that and transporting everything by sea, with the constant drain on shipping, the need for great numbers of escort ships, and the heavy losses of material en route.

If we protest this to the Russians, and use it to explain to our people the apparent slowness in manning our many fronts all across the world and particularly in opening the big front in Western Europe then we cannot very well conceal it from the Germans. We might as well admit it: they have achieved a very great success with their U-boat warfare; they have forced on us tremendous efforts to replace the lost tonnage and provide the necessary escort ships; and they have averted, so far, the full weight of our attack. They have fixed it, in short, so that for the present we just can't bring to bear our now greatly superior armament production.

Against this it can be said that it appears as though we had at last got the U-boat menace in hand, and from now on ought to gain steadily in new tonnage. Twice before we thought to have the U-boats under control, only to have them break loose again and go on the rampage. The first time was during the first winter of war, when we had them penned, as in 1914-18, into the North Sea, forced to make the run around the north of Scotland to get out into the great oceans.

They upset this control when the Reichswehr broke through to the French Atlantic coast, giving them the bases of Brest, Lorient and St. Nazaire. I have a book on my shelves by a German naval writer, dated 1936, listing these exact places as the bases which Germany must have for a future submarine war against Britain.

February Sinkings Low

Within a year—by the middle of 1941—we had the U-boats under control again, and did very well for the next six months, until the United States entered the war with her eastern seaboard traffic virtually unprotected, giving the U-boats the greatest field-day in their history. This orgy of sinkings lasted about six months—from mid-January to July 1942—but has gradually been reduced to moderate proportions, and in February, to a very low figure, though that may be no more than a lull before a spring campaign.

No exact figures have been issued on sinkings since June 1941. But various comparative figures have been given by Alexander, Churchill, Knox and others, and lately, figures for the surplus of our new building over losses. Since our new building is known fairly closely, this tells our losses. Then there have been the German claims, issued over their radio on the first day of each month; they have to be handled gingerly, but usually yield something on interpretation.

All these, and various statements by British, American, Norwegian and Canadian authorities on the worst months and the best months, I have diligently filed away for the past three and a half years, and from this thick file I believe I have rooted out a near approximation to the truth.

Mr. Churchill helped greatly when he declared a month ago that in the past half-year we had had a surplus of new tonnage over losses of a million and a quarter gross tons. Note this figure carefully; it is our margin of victory, the arithmetic of the second front. If we gained 200,000 tons a month during that period, we lost 400,000; for the figures of American, Canadian and British building can be determined very closely, and averaged about 600,000 gross tons monthly during this half-year.

Allied Tonnage Gains

Our building is due to increase in the next six months to an average of 900,000 tons a month, so that if losses can be held at the same level, we will gain 500,000 tons a month during that period. And during the following six months, on the same premise, we would gain no less than 800,000 tons a month. That is, while in the year just behind us we lost more than we built (with our *needs* expanding all the time), in the year on which we are entering we ought to gain some 8 million gross tons of shipping. That is equal to more than three armadas of the size which we used for the landing in North Africa.

It is to the United States that the chief credit must go for this great outpouring of new shipping which is, at this very moment, providing a margin of victory in spite of the still very high level of U-boat sinkings. British shipyards, busy on desperately-needed destroyers and jammed with repair work since early in the war, have long since levelled off their merchant ship construction at about

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A PRISONER'S LETTER

Letters like this one from Lieut. Edgar, a repatriated prisoner of war, from Italy, are the only thanks Red Cross workers need:

"May I offer to the whole organization of Red Cross my sincere and deepest gratitude for its unending help, not only to me and my family, but to those who remain in prison camps to the bitter end. It is in an internment camp as nowhere else that one learns of the scope, necessity for, and work of the Red Cross; and any assistance I may be able to give to better the position of those men I left behind I shall be only

GIVE NOW

MILLIONS OF HANDS

Nearly two million parcels have already gone over from Canada and the Canadian Red Cross has undertaken shipment of 70,000 food parcels each week for British Empire prisoners in Europe. The contents of these parcels are based on expert, nutritional and medical advice and are packed in Canadian cities by volunteers, some of whom now pray that parcels may reach their sons.

I wish it were possible for every person to watch that long line of willing women, each one of them glad to be a part of this great humanitarian service.

Victims of bomb and submarine lose everything. Many are maimed and suffer grievous hardship and pain. That is why our RED CROSS can never relax while war lasts.

Henry Dunant, founder of the Red Cross, died in Zurich in 1910 at the age of 82. Few men have lived more fully or to better purpose. He expended his entire personal fortune and many years of his life to bring to fruition his great humanitarian idea which resulted in the birth of Red Cross.

Switzerland, his native land, looks upon him as one of its greatest sons. Though no monument in stone exists to honor his memory, he has left behind him a tremendous spiritual monument in the world-wide Red Cross organization that has spanned the political frontiers of sixty-three countries.

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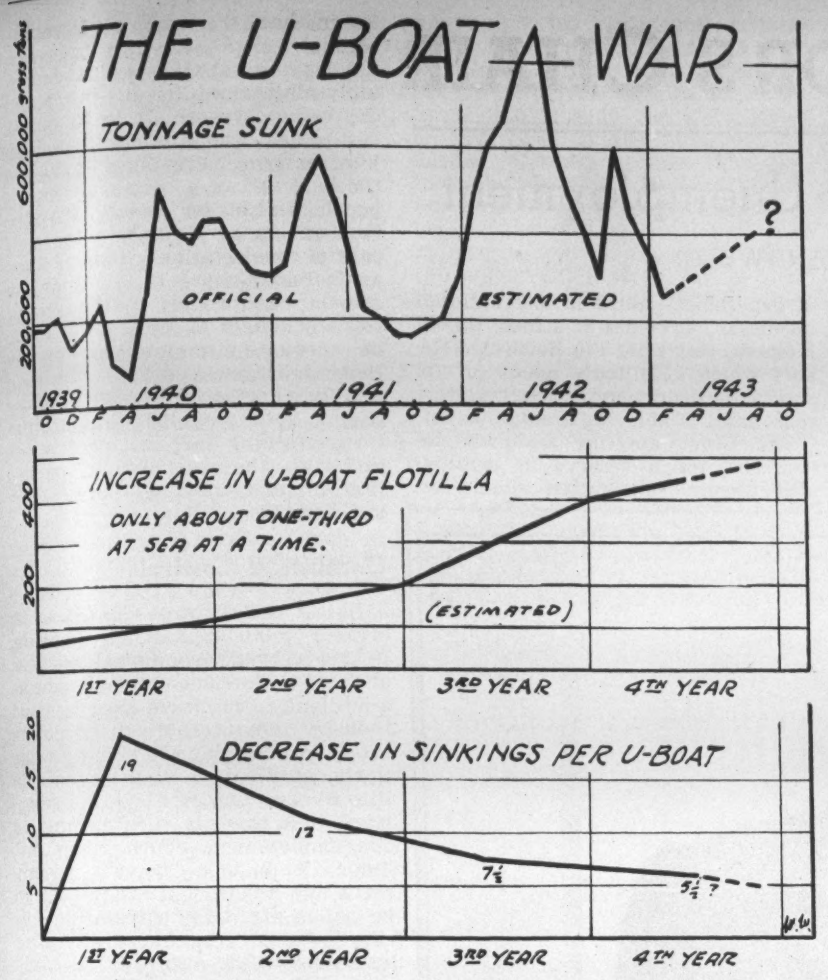

1½ million gross tons per year. The steel for more would have to be brought across the Atlantic from America, and there are also the restricting factors of blackout and air raids.

But this British building is being efficiently carried out. Indeed the "Liberty" ship is largely derived from a simplified British design; and a British authority stated a few months ago that, on a man-hour basis, British shipyards were more productive than American. In this connection it should be noted that the Kaiser yards don't *build* a complete ship in ten days; what they do is *assemble* the prefabricated sections in this time. And the *average* building time for all American ships is not ten days, but close to 60.

Canada's contribution is a worthy one, if small in the whole scale of things. This country, which had built only one large freighter before the beginning of 1942, completed in that year, according to Mr. A. V. Alexander, 40 per cent of the merchant tonnage built by Britain. An almost complete tally was given by Mr. Howe on December 8, when he said that 70 ships of 10,000 tons each had already been completed in the year. It may be mentioned that this refers to 10,000 *dead-weight* tons, a designation used by the Americans, while the British, the Germans, and most other people use *gross* tons, which work out at about five-ninths of dead-weight tons.

The American building program is one of the truly great production achievements of the war. United States yards turned out only 15 merchant ships in January of last year, but 121 in December. This December output was greater than the whole previous year's. Since then they have maintained this four-a-day rate, and it is to go to five-a-day by May. The total American output for 1943 is expected to reach 18,000,000 deadweight tons, an increase from 8,090,000 in 1942, and only 1,088,000 in 1941.

How Many U-boats?

Now let us take a glimpse at the other side of the picture. What must be the German U-boat-building effort which forces us to such colossal exertions to keep pace with it? A figure given by Mr. Churchill a month ago again supplies us with the clue. At that time he released, for the first time in the war, the Admiralty's estimate of the number of U-boats which the enemy has operated in each year of the struggle.

At least, he said that each of the enemy's operational U-boats accounted for 19 of our ships during the first year of war, but only 12 during the second year, and 7½ during the third year. An "operatonal" U-boat is one at sea; only one-third of the U-boat fleet can usually keep at sea from German bases at one time.

Now, we have an official figure for the ship tonnage sunk during the first year of war: 2,800,000 gross tons. If we allow 10 per cent of this sunk by planes and surface raiders, that leaves 2,520,000 tons for the U-boats. Taking 4700 gross tons as an average sized ship, we have about 536 ships sunk. At 19 to a U-boat, that makes 28 U-boats at sea on the average, over the first year of war, or a total average U-boat fleet of 84. Germany is believed to have begun the war with about 60 U-boats in commission, so she ended the first year with approximately 108.

In the second year 4,500,000 tons of shipping were sunk, and of this raiders and planes may have accounted for as much as 25 per cent (they were operating from French and Norwegian Atlantic bases now). That would leave about 3,375,000 gross tons, or some 718 ships, for the U-boats. Bagging 12 ships apiece, there must have been an average of 60 U-boats at sea during this second year. But because of their much more convenient bases, we shall allow for 40 per cent of the fleet being at sea at one time, giving a total of 150 U-boats in commission, on the average. Since we reckoned that the Germans started the second year with about 108 U-boats, it looks as though they may have finished it with approximately 192.

When U-boats Did Their Worst

For the third year there must be much more guess work, as no official figures for sinkings were issued at all. But Mr. Churchill gave a comparative figure in one of his speeches which fixed the average loss during the first four months at about 200,000 tons. Then the United States entered the war, and it must be admitted that the Germans were ready and made the most of the situation. The U-boats began work off the eastern seaboard in mid-January, and I have estimated the loss for that month at 300,000 tons; for February, 500,000; March 600,000; and April 650,000.

May and June have been authoritatively described as among the very worst periods in U-boat history, which ranks them close up beside the terrible 881,000 tons loss of April 1917. I have estimated 800,000 tons for May and 850,000 tons for June. July showed considerable improvement; so we put it down at 600,000. In August, as several officials have said, our building caught up with sinkings, so we put that down at 500,000, to make a total for the year of 5,500,000 gross tons—which is on the low side, if anything.

Probably an allowance of 10 per cent will cover the work of surface raiders—now almost disappeared—and planes during the third year. Our long-range *Liberator* patrols in the North Atlantic, our *Beaufighters* over the Bay of Biscay, catapult-fighters carried on convoy ships, auxiliary aircraft-carriers of the *Audacity* type, and improved gun and rocket devices which cannot be described, made it much tougher for the German long-range convoy raiders and U-boat reconnaissance planes.

If, then, 4,950,000 tons were sunk by U-boats, this comes to about 1053 ships and at 7½ to a U-boat there must have been some 140 operational U-boats, on the average, throughout the year. That means an average fleet of 350. If the enemy began the third year with just under 200 submarines, this would mean that, normally, he might have ended it with nearly 500. But with the greatly increased number of targets, our increased escort fleet and plane patrols jacked up their rate of "killing." So that probably the German U-boat fleet was no more than 400 last September 1st. Since then, on Admiral Nelles' word, it has continued to grow at the rate of about 10 a month.

Here we come to a subject on which the Admiralty has maintained almost complete secrecy since the war began, partly because it doesn't know the truth itself; that is the rate at which we have been "killing" U-boats. Mr. Churchill intimated early in the war that for a spell we had been sinking two a week, which he thought was quite good—and in-

(*Continued on Page* 40)

For all who suffer...

During this month of March, your Red Cross is asking for ten million dollars.

THE PURPOSE is to carry comfort and relief to suffering humanity. Our sailors, soldiers and airmen on the battlefronts and in hospitals—prisoners of war—shipwrecked sailors—homeless war orphans—the sick and starving victims of war in many lands all rely on food, medicine, comforts and care provided by your generosity through *your* Red Cross.

We all *must* support the Red Cross. Welcome the representative, a busy person giving of his or her time. Do not ask for a second call—have your contribution ready. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

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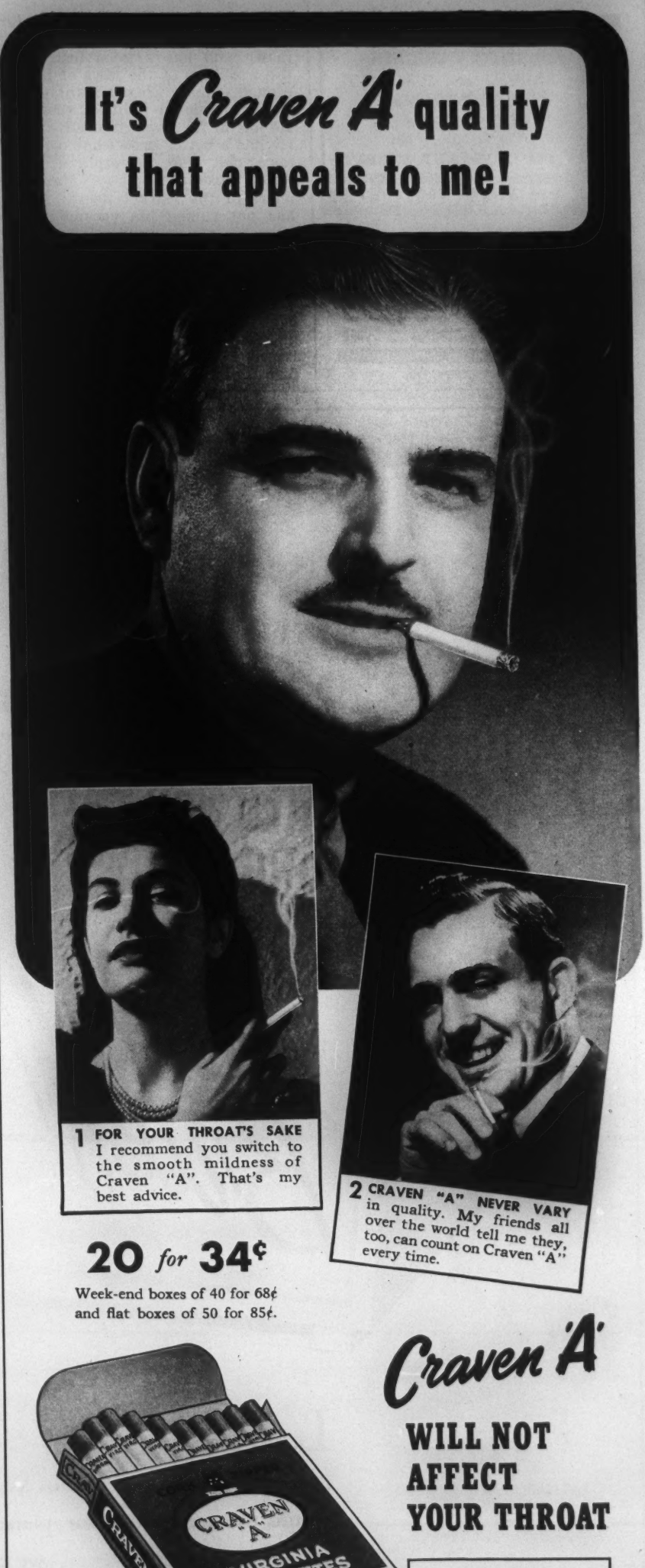

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Simple Talk on Unemployment

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE intelligent business man (and I might add the intelligent labor man) who has a good insight into the workings of the laws of political economy has a great advantage over the professional political economist. He has in fact two great advantages. He has a better knowledge of what I may call the atmosphere within which those laws operate—the atmosphere of the market itself. And he has not ruined his vocabulary, for purposes of communicating with the lay public, by acquiring a half-dictionary-full of words used in a strictly "cant" or professional sense.

These advantages are notably evident in the pamphlet, "The Problem of Unemployment," just issued by Lever Brothers and Unilever Limited. It is written in singularly clear common English, and it shows an adequate comprehension of the way in which economic forces work in actual practice. It bears no signature, but I understand that it is actually the product of the Board of that great British corporation, which justifies the claim on the title-page that the ideas contained in it "are the result of experience gained in international business." It comes at a most timely moment, just after the Beveridge Report which admittedly needs for its successful operation a background of reasonably stable high employment.

The Lever doctrine assumes the necessity for a reserve of employable unemployed, which should be lower than the assumed Beveridge estimate of 8½%. This reserve is not, as the socialists claim, deliberately maintained for the purpose of depressing wages. It is to consist "of people who are changing their jobs, or seasonally unemployed and the like, and of a certain reserve of people waiting for work." Its members are to be entitled to the most careful consideration. None of them, as individuals, are to be allowed to remain continuously in the reserve for any length of time; they are to be adequately maintained (by the Beveridge system or its equivalent), and they are not to be "idle" because they will be provided with facilities for retraining for new occupations and with the possibility of occupation in temporary government-provided work.

Combined Controls

But at the slightest sign of an increase, or an approaching increase, in this reserve beyond what has been shown by experience to be its reasonable limit, government measures and industry measures are to be put in effect for checking the rise; and similarly, at the sign of a decrease in this reserve (for it has to be recognized that there is such a thing as over-employment, which when prolonged leads to a "boom"), government and industry measures are to be put in effect for checking the decline. Industry measures will differ according to the nature of the particular industry; they will be secondary to government measures, which will operate through the familiar controls of the credit system and in more extreme cases by direct budgetary methods—expansion of expenditure in slack times, contraction in boom times.

It is suggested that the budgets of governments should be double: one budget relating to ordinary expenditures, which should be balanced at all times, and one designed solely for its effect upon employment, which need not be balanced except in times of high prosperity. "The major irregularities in productive activity are the result of irregularities in the extension of industrial capital equipment." The keeping regular of productive activity therefore depends upon keeping regular the process of extension of industrial equipment. This can be effected in several ways. One is the expenditure of government money, not necessarily on *industrial* equipment but on any sort of equipment having social usefulness. But another very important way is the reduction of taxation on new capital investment, by increasing the allowable rate of depreciation and by other means.

Exactly the Opposite

Until the social needs of the unemployed began to prevent them, governments have had the exactly opposite practice; they have taxed heavily, and spent money heavily on capital account, when business was good and incomes were large, and they have cut down expenditure to the minimum when business became poor, thus intensifying the forces which work for boom and collapse. It need hardly be said that this "orthodox" principle of finance was developed in an era when the business cycle (which is an end-product of the Industrial Revolution, and could not exist in an agricultural economy) was unknown.

A most important part of the pamphlet is the emphasis which it lays upon the imperative necessity for international co-operation in all of these measures. The business cycle is a completely international phenomenon, and cannot be effectively dealt with except on an international scale. "It is of vital importance to the success of any such scheme and plan (for fighting unemployment) that similar measures are taken in all the major industrial countries." The best means will probably be "international councils or similar institutions, having permanent international secretariats, on which the governments of the various countries would be permanently represented." Probably the most startling proposal in the pamphlet is that these councils should aim at international agree-

LONG DISTANCE lines are loaded with vitally important war messages. New lines cannot be built because the materials they would use are needed for planes, tanks, guns, ammunition and ships. In this emergency, we ask your *voluntary* cooperation. Please do not make non-essential calls, especially to centres of war activity . . . call, when you must, at "off-peak" hours and when you get your party, be brief.

THE TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM
THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

ments "regulating the production of stocks, and the prices, of raw materials." Irregularities in these, it is held, play an important part in the production of booms and depressions. Industrial activity is in itself inclined to irregularity, but "big movements in raw material prices do have an important bearing on the activity of industrial countries." The methods of control will differ for different raw materials, and the pamphlet makes clear that manufacturing and consumer interests must have some say in the controlling. The Lever people think that "the schemes for rubber, tea and tin are soundly conceived. Other materials should be studied one at a time and schemes for them adopted only if there are good grounds for hoping that the advantages of stability would outweigh the possible disadvantages which restriction might have in reducing the incentive to better methods of production." This is world planning with a vengeance, and one wonders what the Levers propose to do, for example, about rubber derived from other sources than the rubber tree.

Backward Countries

The pamphlet is strong on the point that "the income of the so-called backward countries must be raised and then stabilized. That this be done is of major importance for the stability of industrial output in the rest of the world." The truth is that the advanced countries have all along "exploited" the backward countries, on the doctrine that if the latter wanted colored beads and were prepared to give ivory for them that was a natural and proper market transaction. So it doubtless was, until the advanced countries began preventing rival traders from offering more beads, by giving the original bead purveyors a "concession;" after that there was no more "market" to it; it was just a government operation for skinning the natives to the advantage of the concessionaire.

Canadians, whose progress along the lines of internationalism has been limited, should derive especial benefit from this little book, which, I repeat, tells in simple language what the Levers, from their wide international experience, think about the best way to prevent chaos, revolution, prolonged warfare and general disaster to civilization after Hitler has been disposed of. And we cannot wait until Hitler is disposed of before thinking about these things.

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The ABCA

BY H. L. WINTON

Britain's Army Bureau of Current Affairs is contributing so successfully to the education and inspiration of the men and women of the Services that Canada is planning to copy it. Mr. Winton tells us of Britain's modus operandi.

MAYBE there are not many Canadians who would be able to elucidate the somewhat cryptic title of the A.B.C.A. in its reference to the Forces. It is British and stands for the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, whose actuating motive is the education and inspiration of the men and women who fill the Services.

Even more than that of 1914, the present war soon made it evident that the ancient and all powerful conception expressed so picturesquely in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade", "theirs not to reason why", was a long time out of date. There was a call for mental alertness far above the demands of any previous occasion. It was also realized that the man who possessed real insight into all that he was fighting for might make mentally a far more alert soldier than the man who was not so equipped. And so in the autumn of 1941 the A.B.C.A. came into operation in the Forces.

The new establishment made it compulsory for regimental officers to devote at least one hour each week in normal working hours to the discussion of current affairs. Much interest had already been manifested on that head by the rank and file during voluntary periods. The platform thus became a unit in this latest form of army education, and it became the duty of the platoon commander to address his own men on the subject of the week, and to guide and regulate the discussion which followed.

To assist them to carry out such work unit education officers undergo a course of instruction, and the services of eminent lecturers, the use of universities, and what are known as A.E.C. (Army Education Corps) "Circuses" are utilized. A.E.C. "Circuses" are bodies which visit areas and formations where no university or similar centre is available. They instruct meetings of regimental officers. Two alternating fortnightly bulletins are issued, "War" and "Current Affairs", both compiled by a staff of experts, and designed to brief the officer on the subject of his talks. "War" provides military information—with the widest possible interpretation—about military operations in all theatres. "Current Affairs" aims at providing a background against which these events may be assessed and understood.

Fills Urgent Need

When the A.B.C.A. was instituted it was largely an experiment, but the experience of the first year leaves no doubt that it is fulfilling an urgent need. In the young soldier battalions there are many who in 1939 were too young to understand the full implications of the international situation. To them instruction has been particularly helpful.

Some units produce a "Wall Newspaper" weekly. Everything is contributed by the men. Public and county libraries are lending books and the A.B.C.A. has its own scheme for lending books through the agency of the Command Officers so that small reference libraries may be possible for units which have no other source of information at hand. The demand has brought about a Forces Book Club. Units can receive a total of 120 books a year for a specified sum. A greater number can be subscribed for, and they become the property of the unit. The B.B.C. also takes part in the A.B.C.A. institution by devoting parts of two weekly programs to reinforce their bulletins for the week, while an AB.C.A. Brains Trust takes place on Tuesday afternoons.

This war has created many new conceptions. The A.B.C.A. is one of them. It is a touch of democracy in service life which would have been a little more than surprising to the soldier of yesterday.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Mercy Bullets for the Sick

BY DYSON CARTER

FOR generations outspoken doctors have horrified the public by advocating euthanasia: the practice of painlessly executing patients who are suffering from incurable disease.

Right now medical science is using the firing-squad on a large scale. With a new noiseless gun doctors are pouring mercy bullets into desperate cases . . . . not to kill but to cure. (Thirty billion, billion, billion of them make up one ounce.)

The lifesaving bullets are unique in many ways. No one has ever seen them because they are too small. They pass deep into the body without the slightest sensation. Only when they are in position do they take effect. They kill by exploding with stupendous violence. Yet so limited is the area of their detonation that it can be measured by a cell's-breadth.

Another type of mercy bullet is of the tracer type. But it is infinitely more effective than the well known machine gun tracers that simply reveal direction of fire by leaving a blaze of light or plume of smoke. Medicine's new tracer is nothing short of a bloodhound. Thousands of rounds are fired into the patient, the bullets seek out the location of disease, then they explode harmlessly and reveal their exact whereabouts to the doctors.

Apart from curative uses the new bullets provide science with a tool of research and diagnosis so fantastic that even the idea would have been considered preposterous ten years ago. Crowded from the front page by war news and noted by comparatively few of our hard-pressed doctors, the mercy missiles represent a discovery of greatest practical importance. *They are perhaps the outstanding hope of the cancer victim.*

Back in 1904 the famous physicist Rutherford touched off a scientific revolution by proving that atoms are not indestructible and permanent. From mere observation that atoms of radium and uranium disintegrate into other atoms, research moved on to reveal the atom's inner structure. The supposedly solid particle turned out to be a very complex body built around the Nucleus. Today we have a separate science preoccupied with this ultimate Core of Matter, and a great deal is known about it.

For instance, more than 99.9 percent of the atom's mass is in the nucleus. The surrounding electrons are 2,000 times lighter than the central body. The electrical charge of the nucleus determines the properties of every atom. So in scientific reality even deep blue eyes and the silvery moon both owe their appeal to excessively small units of positive electricity.

THIS and other facts enabled physics to predict that the age-old dream of medieval science would come true; the transmutation of one substance into another. Indeed quicksilver has been transmuted into gold in the laboratory. Far more wonderful is the preparation of absolutely new atoms. The World War poison gas chlorine, which has an average atomic weight of 35.46, has been made in two artificial forms, atoms of weights exactly 34.0 and 37.0. Which may seem an abominably dull fact until one grasps that these two chlorine atoms are unique in two ways. First, they never existed until men made them. Second, they are not passive like regular chlorine, but disintegrate violently like radium.

Science might reasonably be expected to frolic a couple of facts like that into some good conversational material. And we certainly have not been let down. The manufacture of artificial radio-active atoms has led straight to mercy bullets and the prospect of total victory over some of our worst diseases.

Take artificial radio-active *iodine* atoms. If an infinitely small quantity of such atoms is mixed with regular iodine some remarkable experiments can be performed. Suppose the iodine mixture is put into common table salt to form an iodized salt. This differs from ordinary iodized table salt only in that it contains some radio-active atoms. There aren't enough of these explosive atoms to harm you—so suppose you sprinkle the salt on your *filet mignon* and eat it. (We'll pretend there are still physiology laboratories where steak is served once a week, anyway).

Now the experimenters approach you with a Geiger Counter. This is a simple instrument that detects when and where a radio-active atom explodes. When the radio-active iodine atoms which you have eaten begin to explode, their excessively small blasts are registered by the Geiger Counter. Thus the passage of your salted steak can be followed with greater certainty than a Radio locator follows a Junkers. Wherever the salt goes, so goes the radio-active iodine. And so follows the Geiger device. This physiological detective counts atomic footsteps up and down the cellular stairs of your body tissues. In your pretended experiment, it will trace these iodine atoms to their last stopping place.

AND where might that be? Come, come, in the thyroid gland, of course. That is where practically all iodine ends up, once it gets inside the human body. But the only way science could determine this was to remove the thyroid gland and analyze it for iodine. However, glands are like Humpty Dumpty: devilish hard to put back together again, especially after analysis. This made doctors a trifle hesitant to do much thyroid experimenting on humans. Until radio-active iodine showed how to trace regular iodine atoms not only to their destination in the thyroid but to all stopping off places and every route taken! In this way it is now possible to study at leisure and with perfect safety the behavior of the thyroid in health and in disease. Already many new facts have been revealed about "goiter".

For very detailed study the thyroid gland is removed from the body as in earlier experiments. Then a "radio-autograph" is taken. The properly prepared gland is placed on a special photographic plate. Then the radio-active iodine atoms (fed to the human patient or guinea pig before the operation) write their "signature" in astonishing clarity and detail, revealing vividly the various parts of the gland and its functional structure.

This method of using radio-active atomic tracer bullets is not limited to iodine. Other elements such as phosphorus have been made radio-active.

EVEN more intriguing is the use of atomic bullets in the fight against malignant tumors.

Everyone has heard of the giant "atom smashing" machines now in operation and under construction.

The purpose of the atom-smashing equipment is not simply to produce more powerful cancer-killing X-rays. Far more important is the production of new radio-active artificial atoms. Such atoms can not only indicate their presence (as we saw above) but can also produce rays that are fatal to tumors. What is far more important indeed is this: if radio-active iodine concentrates in the thyroid gland, will we be able to make other radio-active atoms that will concentrate in cancer tissue?

This is definitely a possibility. The ideal radio-active atoms, within a short time of being administered to the patient, would collect almost entirely in the tumor. In that case it would be safe to give enough of the mercy bullets to produce a powerful concentration of atomic rays at the desired place. If such fire power could be obtained it is probable that a definite cure for cancer would result. Already radio-active iodine is being used to treat thyroid tumors and leukemia.

War research is slowing the work that had hardly begun in 1939, but enough has been done to show that from the supposedly "pure" science of the physics laboratories has come a practical lifesaving weapon of incalculable value to humanity. And the application of artificial atom bullets to industrial research is a striking development that must remain on the secret list for now.

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The next time you eat a little too much—stay up too late smoking and drinking—try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at bedtime, and *wake up feeling fresh as a daisy.* Read the directions on the Milk of Magnesia package and take only as directed thereon or as prescribed by your physician. In liquid or tablet form.

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THIS WEEK IN RADIO

Sound Effects Are Not So Sound

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

I ALWAYS like that part of the Sunday New York Philharmonic broadcast when Deems Taylor comes on the air and says: "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Last week I had a letter from a lady in Idaho . . ."

Well, last week I had a letter from a lady in Enderby, B.C. Its contents proved to my satisfaction that she is a very intelligent lady. She said her name was Edith Murray Dow, and she began her letter like this:

"Your article on radio criticism, especially a sentence you quoted from something Joseph Sedgwick had written, gives me the opening I have been waiting for."

Then she quoted Mr. Sedgwick: "If the talent is inadequate why shouldn't they be told about their faults? If the music is bad or the production tiresome, let the critic say so and let him say why."

With this introduction Edith Murray Dow, of Enderby, B.C. launches her protest against "the tiresome, irritating and omnipresent background of music sounds in dramatic productions."

Here was a kindred spirit, I thought. Hadn't we time and again in this space registered our protest against the clanging, booming, cracking, bursting noises that drowned out everything else on the program—words, thoughts, feelings.

But let our correspondent continue:

"I know that conflict is of the very essence of drama, but it is a conflict of ideas, of emotions, of wills, not a conflict to decide who is the best shouter. And that's what this barrage of music amounts to.

"In two recent programs the efforts of Lorne Greene and Raymond Massey to beat out the musical (?) accompaniment were tiresome and ludicrous. If the spoken word means anything, by all means allow us to hear it; if it means nothing, blot it out and give us some good music, or better still a moment of 'the pause eloquent'.

"Do I sound belligerent? Well, I am. And judging by what I hear other people say, I'm not the only listener whose patience is exhausted. After all, why is a program sent out over the air? Is it for the gratification of those who produce it or for the edification and pleasure of those who listen and pay a license fee in order to listen?

"I do not care how sensitive and able a musician Samuel Hersenhoren may be, nor how good his music is, if it interferes with the adequacy of a dramatic production scheduled as such then it is a nuisance. Indeed, the whole sound effects idea seems to have got out of bounds."

AND then, to my amazement, Edith Murray Dow draws swords with John Coulter, the Irish - Canadian writer and broadcaster, who only two or three weeks ago had himself blasted the CBC producers for spoiling dramatic presentations with too much noise.

She says: "In last Wednesday's final scenes from 'Mr. Churchill of England' (Coulter's own play) the pattern of marching feet became so loud as to cease to be a symbol and to become an interference.

"In Quentin Reynolds' book 'Only the Stars are Neutral' he speaks of some film production he had done in collaboration with Harry Watt, of London, whose work as an artist he regards very highly. He quotes some of the axioms that guided Watt as a producer, among them this one: 'Don't mix your commentary and music so that the effectiveness of both are lost.'

"I rest my case on that. I know the two media of radio and screen are different, but they are alike in this, that to be successful they must give a finished art production."

The lady from Enderby, B.C. has graphically and simply said what is in the inarticulate hearts of many listeners. At the risk of disturbing many producers, directors and sound effects men at the CBC, it must be recorded that the government-owned broadcasting system is the chief offender. In most of the recent CBC dramatic presentations, particularly those which might be described as "propaganda plays", words—simple words that once had real meaning, words that skip and hop and leap and laugh and cry—words have been almost completely lost in a flood of background music that isn't background any more, and sound effects more confounding and confusing than ordinary ears can tolerate.

THE CBC's "Comrades in Arms," heard on Sunday nights, written and produced by Navy, Army and Air Force public relations directors, is the sort of thing Edith Murray Dow, and many others want to see erased from the air-waves. Here you have well-written, exciting, dramatic timely stories—stories that can stand on their own feet, written in words that ought to also stand on their own feet, broadcast by experienced radio actors, but the whole business is ruined for many listeners by the din of orchestra and the exhibitionism of a sound effects man.

If you heard Orson Welles' radio production of "Rebecca" you noticed that it was quiet. It was peaceful. Yet it was drama in its highest form. No trumpets drowned out the words of the heroine or of Welles as the narrator. Do you remember Frank Craven in the movie "Our Town"? It was a quiet spoken movie. Yet every foot of it was dramatic. Do you know Ted Malone, who reads poetry in the afternoons? He needs no loud musical backgrounds, no bells, or sirens or claxons to jar the nerves. And who will say that there is no drama in poetry?

Edith Murray Dow has put her finger on a great weakness in Canadian radio, and I wonder what offending radio producers have to say in reply. The listeners have already spoken.

THE rest is chatter: Hugh Morrison, formerly of Edmonton, director of talks for the CBC, has left Canada for New York to take up an important post with an aviation company . . . Elsa Maxwell made a good impression when she guest-starred with Milton Berle on his new show, heard Wednesdays . . . the CBC and the private radio stations have been generous in giving time to promote the I.O.D.E.'s book-collecting campaign for the boys in training camps . . . Bob Hawke has given away his millionth cigarette on his "Thanks to the Yanks" broadcast . . . Guy Herbert, of All-Canada Radio Facilities Ltd., points out that radio isn't the only offender when it comes to questionable advertisements . . . the beautiful English voice of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek surprised many listeners, and reminded them a little of Dorothy Thompson . . . that merry madcap, Ralph Edwards, of "Truth and Consequences," is taking his troupe on a bond-selling tour.

WHO DARE TO LIVE

By Frederick B. Watt, Lt.-Cmdr., R.C.N.V.R.

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War Resolution in Japan

TOKYO RECORD, by Otto D. Tolischus. (McClelland & Stewart, $4.00.)

EARLY in 1941 Mr. Tolischus arrived in Tokio, as correspondent of The New York *Times* and the London *Times*. He went with an open mind, not credulous. But within six weeks he had seen in the celebration of "the 2,601st anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire" an imitation of Nazi technique. He knew that technique backwards, forwards and sidewise, for he had been correspondent in Berlin and had told the truth about it so definitely that he had been expelled from Germany. In place of a semi-divine Fuhrer here was a wholly divine Emperor calling the people away from their parties and cliques and playing on their superstition and racial pride, the better to use them as slaves, and cannon-fodder.

He witnessed in successive months the gradual elimination of all moderates, the shelving of Matsuoko, the seizure of the Government by Togo and his bravoes, intent upon complete control, even by means of assassination. He wrote his despatches with the utmost care, remembering the censorship, and being particular to avoid comment on the news. But when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 he was arrested on the charge of espionage, imprisoned for six months and tortured at regular intervals that he might be forced to incriminate himself and others. Many times he would have welcomed death. At last he was released and sailed on the exchange-ship with Ambassador Grew and his staff to Lourenco Marques, and thence on the *Gripsholm* to Brazil and New York.

He tells a great story placidly, without hysterics or self-pity, revealing the steady sloughing-off of the veneer of civilization in Tokyo; the reversion to a naked barbarism comparable only to that of the Nazis, as revealed in Poland, in Greece and wherever they have set their dirty feet. Hasty optimists who expect the war to be over in a few months will find this book as sobering as it is worthy and informing.

The Christian Way

THE MASTER ON THE MOUNT, by Canon J. E. Ward. (Longmans, Green, $1.35.)

IF THE principles of Christianity could be applied the end of all wars would follow. That statement has been made by all sorts of men, high and low, many of whom might find it difficult to define those principles save in a general way. Here is an analysis of the Sermon on the Mount which sets forth each stated ideal in its relation to common life. Canon Ward, whose placid and even voice is well-known to radio listeners, writes with clarity and simplicity and dodges no difficulties. The book is recommended "for devotional reading;" whatever that may be. It is excellent for readers who are not generally interested in Christian doctrine.

Geopolitics

GENERALS AND GEOGRAPHERS, by Hans W. Weigert. (Oxford, $3.75.)

LOOK down on our North Pole from an imaginary star and you view a mid-sea surrounded by vast areas of land which aviation has brought into close neighborhood. Arctic cold does not halt the 'planes and a flight over the top of the world is shorter and incomparably swifter than the voyage of the speediest ship around the bulge of the mid-zones.

Soviet Russia from the Black Sea to Vladivostok is visible; the whole of Europe and North Africa are off at one corner, and across the mid-sea lies Canada, Alaska and the Northern United States as far down as San Francisco and New York. Since, as Napoleon said, Geography rules the politics of nations, it seems to be a matter of consequence to consider how the life of man will be affected by "global Geography" which the airplane has made practical.

The dreamers of Germany foresaw that the command of this Arctic fringe might break the influence of sea-power and out of their dreams arose the conception of "Geopolitics".

Karl Haushofer of Munich found in eminent geographers, such as Ratzel and Sir Halford Mackinder, the general principles which he distorted into a program for world-conquest. Since Russia was the pivot-state, the "heart" of the greatest land-area of the globe, Haushofer visualized Russia and Germany as companions, certainly not as enemies, despite the Soviet system. But Hitler was a man-in-a-hurry and made the colossal blunder of invading Russia. So the ornamental edifice of German Geopolitics comes tumbling to the ground.

Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

ABOUT the last detective story which excited our whole-hearted enthusiasm was *The Emperor's Snuff Box*, by John Carter Dickson. Now we have the same man in another incarnation writing as Carter Dickson who has turned out in *She Died A Lady* (McClelland and Stewart, $2.35) an equally sound piece of work, and somewhat more exciting. We shall be agreeably astonished if in the next year a single author produces as fine a pair. . . *The Black Angel* by Cornell Woolrich (McClelland and Stewart, $2.50) is also exciting and has an original conception, that of the wife of a condemned murderer proving his innocence. It belongs in the higher brackets. . . So does *Alias the Dead* by George Harmon Coxe (The Ryerson Press, $2.50) and presents us with a hard-boiled private detective whom Hammett might have invented. Unfortunately we are not likely to see him again. . . Finally we come to one of the best written detective stories we have read in a long time, or perhaps we should say that we meet a rare craftswoman in the use of English, to wit, Charlotte Armstrong who gives us *The Case of the Three Weird Sisters* (Longmans, Green $2.50). The mystery is baffling enough and the reasoning of the amateur detective who solves it is subtle yet convincing. The chief feature of this fine story, however, is its psychological study of three of the weirdest sisters you ever heard of, and some other people not less weird. . .

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THE BOOKSHELF

Man's Struggle for Freedom

BY. J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

THE DISCOVERY OF FREEDOM, by Rose Wilder Lane. (Longmans, Green, $3.00.)

THIS is an arresting book. The reader's attention is gripped in the first sentence—"Here is a planet whirling in sunlit space"—and is held throughout the greater part of the 262 pages. The prevailing theme is that Man, like all else in and on the planet, is "energy", and that individual freedom from "Authority" is essential to the progressive exercise of that energy.

Graphically reviewing the history of mankind, the author endeavors to show that where Authority has dominated the minds and wills of men, there has been general decadence; while, on the other hand, where men have thrown off or have been released from Authority, they have advanced in all directions. Abraham, says Mrs. Lane, was the first man to discover freedom—freedom from the authority and fear of pagan gods. He declared that these gods did not exist, that there was only "One Creator-and-Judge," and that "man controls himself, he is free to do good or evil in the sight of God." That was "The First Attempt" at freedom, and the author very interestingly traces the causes of its failure.

"The Second Attempt" was initiated by Mahomet in the empire of the Saracens, which Mrs. Lane regards as the greatest historical example of a free and progressive civilization. What she says about the Crusaders, who were responsible for the break-up of that empire, is not complimentary. Her description of the Saracens is a very brilliant piece of writing.

"The Third Attempt" began with the American Revolution, which the author says had no leader, and adds, "These first Americans did not need a Fuehrer." But she gives a great deal of credit for starting things to an immigrant Englishman, Thomas Paine. Under the heading of "The English Liberties," Mrs. Lane virtually admits that Britain was the birthplace of modern democratic freedom. "Make no mistake about it," she says; "the English saved the only knowledge of human rights on earth, when it was lost everywhere else. And England for centuries has been the land of liberties." She further points out that the British Empire was not a "planned" empire, but that it was largely developed by individuals and private enterprise under trading companies.

Mrs. Lane repeatedly insists upon individual freedom and condemns "planned economies" and government control. She declares that "anyone who says that economic security is a human right has been too much babied. While he babbles, other men are risking and losing their lives to protect him. They are fighting the sea, fighting the land, fighting diseases and insects and the weather and space and times, for him, while he chatters that all men have a right to security and that some pagan god—Society, The State, The Government, The Commune—must give it them." That is a good sample of the vigorous thinking and writing of Rose Wilder Lane. She has a Carlylean quality. Whether or not one agrees with all of the author's arguments and conclusions, one is captivated by the freedom and lucidity of the style and her graphic presentation of the pageant of history. "The Discovery of Freedom" is an invigorating tonic for the times.

In The Solomons

GUADALCANAL DIARY, by Richard Tregaskis. (Macmillans, $3.25.)

IN THESE times, war-correspondents, like soldiers, are young. Cecil Brown with the *Repulse* sinking under him, Ross Munro of Dieppe and Richard Tregaskis of Guadalcanal haven't touched thirty, but they have seen more in their short span than three Methuselahs. "I've had a good life," meditated the last-named when under bombardment from sky-Japs "but it's been a bit short." Fortunately it's still going on, for there is much to write about and Tregaskis has the vision and the ability to make a job of it.

On July 26, 1942 a considerable force of American sailors and marines were on their way to attack Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands, held by the Japanese. On that day Tregaskis started his diary, recording the many little things that together make a big thing. It is important to know that a group of officers were gravely studying maps, but undoubtedly it's more important to know that in the face of a desperate enterprise the marines were singing "Ma Mammy done told me a woman was two-faced."

The landing on August 7 and 8 was less hazardous than had been expected, but from then until Sept. 24 the action was sharp and often deadly. At the battle of the Tenaru River, for example 871 Japanese were killed, and the American casualties were 100; 28 killed and 72 wounded. The author records individual horrors with the detachment of a good reporter and with no trace of hysteria. For that reason they are all the more vivid. To the people of the United States only recently in the war this book is thrilling and valuable; more so than to British citizens who have seen horror by wholesale. Fifty thousand civilians in England and Scotland have been killed by bombing and the military and naval casualties all the world around grow daily.

The Romantic Urge

A CERTAIN DOCTOR FRENCH, a novel by Elizabeth Seifert. (Dodd, Mead, $3.00.)

THE fact that the author was eager to study medicine and was stymied by poverty may account for her production of a whole series of novels about doctors. But this last adds nothing to her reputation. While her characters are well drawn, her humor pleasant and her dialogue convincing, the plot is a longdrawn-out incredibility. The book, also, is awash with sentimentality.

Make your wartime meals glow with appetite appeal

Now, when proper nutrition is so important, and when time for meal-preparation is so often limited, Canadian housewives appreciate more and more the magic power of Heinz "aids-to-appetite" to give sparkle and zest to war-time menus.

AS THE sternness of war-time conditions narrows the choice of foods, and greater emphasis is placed on nutrition, the daily problem of "what to give them next" grows more difficult. But war-time menus need not be monotonous or dull. The goodness of Heinz "aids-to-appetite" will give life and colour to any meal. Even to plain or quick-to-fix dishes they add the flavour and palatability that make appetites positively sing for more.

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Under present conditions, you may not *always* find your favourite Heinz variety on your grocer's shelf. In this case, we suggest that you make a selection from the other Heinz varieties he has in stock. Whichever you choose, you will find the same perfection of quality and taste-satisfaction that has made the name of Heinz world-famous for more than 70 years.

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Vita-Ray all-in-one Cream is a creamy cleanser, a softening night cream, a smoothing conditioner for make-up. It does each job expertly — as if specially made for it.

But this all-use cream has much more to give than just convenience. Notice how the daily gentle smoothing-in of Vita-Ray seems to *enliven* your skin, wake it up, make it *look and feel alive!*

Save time, save money, of course, by using this remarkable combination cream. But more, see what it can do to make your skin look like the living thing it is—*fresh, vital, alive!*

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A CREAMY CLEANSER
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"Give a man a better breakfast and he'll do a better war job!"

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OUR NUTRITION AUTHORITIES advise us to eat the health-protective foods every day, including at least one serving of a whole grain cereal. Nabisco Shredded Wheat stands high on the list of whole grain cereals, because it is 100% whole wheat with all the bran and wheat germ, in its most easily-digested form.

THIS NUTRITIOUS CEREAL, is ready cooked, ready to eat, and equally delicious with hot or cold milk. Serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat for better breakfasts . . . save War Savings Stamps for better days ahead.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

"Rings on Your Fingers"

BY BERNICE COFFEY

ONE of the changes introduced by war is the growing custom of the "double ring" wedding service. The number of these ceremonies is, we are told, on the increase in this country but not to the extent it has been accepted in the United States. There almost half of this year's weddings, it is expected, will be double ring services.

The wearing of wedding rings by men is not a new thing, of course. It has long been an established custom in European countries. The large increase in the U.S., and the smaller one in more conservative Canada, is said to be due almost entirely to the many war marriages. When they leave for theatres of active warfare, brides like to know that their soldier, sailor or airman husbands, are wearing their token on their fingers. Since highly ornamental rings do not fit in with masculine taste in jewellery the matching rings usually are simple gold bands with restrained decoration.

The giving of the ring of plain or jewel-studded gold that has almost caused heart failure among grooms before it is safely slipped on over the bride's finger, stems from another of those old Roman customs.

In the beginning it wasn't a wedding ring, but was given at betrothal and worn as a pledge that the contract would be fulfilled. In Pliny's time the ring was a plain band of iron, and it was not until some time in the second century that the ring was made of gold instead of iron. No one seems to have bothered to find out by what stages the betrothal ring evolved into the wedding ring. It was not until the 11th century that the ring received ecclesiastical benediction.

Underground

There is a woman known throughout France as "La Bonne Femme." She published a mimeographed newssheet for the women of France. For months the Vichy and German police hunted high and low for her, but she managed to elude them, and the paper continued to be published and circulated regularly, until her arrest and imprisonment.

Among the paper's features was a fashion column. Published in Canada it would certainly be unique, for it told the French women not to deplore the patches and darns on their clothes, adding: "Each patch should serve to remind you that freedom has not yet been won, that we are suffering and enduring—not acquiescing."

In one number, an article breaks off abruptly with the remark: "We must stop here, as we have had to shift our printing shop quickly and were not able to bring along the manuscript."

"Kate"

Canada's recently appointed Supervisor of Conservation for the Consumer Branch of the W.P.T.B. is Mrs. H. M. Aitkin of Toronto. In her new job she will develop a program of practical guidance and instruction designed to combat waste and effect the conservation of civilian food, clothing and household equipment.

"Kate" Aitkin's wide and varied experience makes her well-fitted for the task she has been given. At the age of 16 she started teaching in a little country school where half the boys were bigger than teacher. She was a lecturer for the Ontario Department of Agriculture, has been to Great Britain and the continent on two special missions for the Federal Department of Agriculture and was presented to the late King George and Queen Mary. For nine years her faithful radio audience has listened to her daily radio program, for which she has made four trips to Europe to find material. Her cooking schools have drawn overflow crowds at the Canadian National Exhibition where, for the past five years, she has been director of women's activities and educational work.

A feminine Billy Rose in her ability to arrange public gatherings on a large scale and, incidentally give her feminine audiences a thoroughly good time while being painlessly educated, she is artlessly feminine.

An important factor in making Madame Canada conservation-conscious undoubtedly rests in the fact that Mrs. Aitkin knows women and they know her—in the thousands. She doesn't hesitate to call them together in large numbers, tell them all about the plans that are afoot and then ask for their advice and help. She probably will not find it difficult to persuade Canadian women that they as individuals have a personal interest in the forthcoming conservation campaign.

Mrs. H. M. Aitkin, recently appointed Supervisor of Conservation for the Consumer's Branch of the W.P.T.B.

this

Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms *sweet* and *dry* up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

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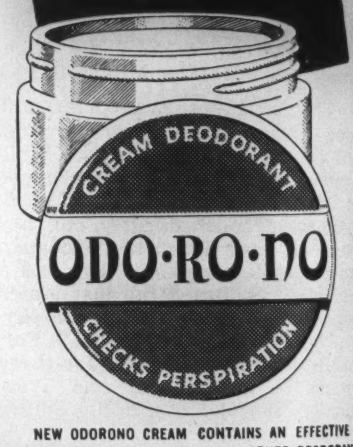
this big jar contains 21 more applications* for 39¢ than other leading deodorants

*50% larger jar—entire contents usable (doesn't dry up)



NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

See how effectively

Powder and water brighten teeth fast!

KEEPING your teeth clean and sparkling should be just as easy, just as economical, as washing your hands. So try the simplest cleansing combination known — just *powder* and *water*. Nothing surpasses these two easily-used cleansers for effective daily care.

Start now, but start *right*—with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder on a *moist* brush. Developed by a practicing dentist and proved harmless to tooth enamel through years of use, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is *all* powder—all *cleanser*—free from acid and pumice. Yet from the very first brushing it makes teeth brighter, and refreshes the mouth at the same time. As you use it regularly, you'll soon discover its economy, too. Matched for price, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth paste two-to-one!

Next time you need a dentifrice, get tooth *powder*—Dr. Lyon's—and see how much better you like it. All drugstores.

Why pay for water in a dentifrice?

CANADA'S LEADING TOOTH POWDER
IT COMES IN TINS . . . NO EMPTY TUBE NEEDED

USE DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER —ON A MOIST BRUSH

WORLD OF WOMEN

Alaska Locks the Door

BY FLORIS CLARK McLAREN

IF YOU have any idea of taking a trip to Alaska, the answer is one word. Don't. Not unless you have valid and urgent business there and can prove it to the satisfaction of the U.S. Army.

And you'll not catch tomorrow's boat, from Seattle or Vancouver. Probably you'll not catch next week's either. Because the army need time to investigate you. And your record had better be clear.

I was born and brought up in Alaska. My father homesteaded there in 1900. He and my mother, both Middle-western Americans, lived on that homestead for forty years. Since I ceased to be a resident of Alaska, I have lived for ten years in the same house on the same street in a quiet residential suburb of a west coast Canadian city. I felt that my record was an open book, and faced immigration officers with a clear conscience.

So when I received an urgent telegram from my family in Alaska asking me to come home because of illness there, I began to pack to catch the boat sailing from Vancouver three days later.

I knew that since June 1942 a military permit to enter Alaska was required, but hadn't a notion where to get one. I telephoned the U.S. Immigration office. They told me that the applications are handled by the recently established Alaska Travel Control Bureau in Seattle, and that I could get application blanks from the Canadian Pacific Steamship office in my own city.

The application blanks are formidable documents, two feet long, closely printed on both sides. You fill out four copies. You give the birthplace of both your parents, and your own residence and occupation for the past ten years. You give your police record, if any. You state your affiliation, if any, with more than a dozen different organizations ranging from the German-American Bund through the Federation of Italian War Veterans and the Dante Alighieira Society. You declare that you are not a dependent of any member of the military forces of the United States or civilian employee of the War or Navy Department, stationed in Alaska.

Finally you give the length of your proposed stay in Alaska and your reason for entering.

"Do You Swear —?"

Said reason must be one of a very few allowed as valid; official business of the U.S. government, definitely arranged legitimate employment, business reasons, return of bona fide residents of Alaska, close domestic relationship, or school interests. There is no provision for travel for pleasure or curiosity.

You take this document to a notary and swear that the statements thereon are full and true and that you are not an enemy alien nor a person of Japanese ancestry.

Then you have four photographs made and take your application and photographs to the nearest police station.

There you are weighed, measured and fingerprinted. The police will forward a full set of your fingerprints to the FBI at Washington. "Pertinent information", in other words any dirt dug up regarding you, will be cabled by them to the commanding officer at Fort Richardson, Alaska.

With the Police

I spent the whole of a very long morning in the police station. When the chief of police had deliberately placed his signature on the last application I went home and put in a long distance call to the Alaska Travel Control Bureau in Seattle.

After the telephone operator had delivered her routine warning that we must not mention ships or troop movements, military equipment or the weather, I explained to the officer in charge the urgent reason for my proposed trip and asked him (with careful vagueness as to "ship movements") whether there was any possibility of having my application passed in time to "make connections in Vancouver" by Saturday noon.

He noted down various particulars, told me to mail the application to him at once, and cautiously said that he thought it might be possible.

At eight-thirty the next morning the Canadian Military Intelligence in my own city telephoned me.

On Friday I waited for word of the permit. On Saturday morning with my bags packed I telephoned Military Intelligence to see if it had been sent there. They called Seattle and called me back to say that the Seattle office had not received my application.

With a naive hope that the Seattle office could issue some sort of permit by telegram, I called the Seattle office myself.

The lieutenant at the other end of the phone was kind but unhelpful. "There's nothing we can do," he told me. "We've completed our investigation and are quite satisfied, but you can't pass the military authorities in Alaska without the permit."

I hung up the receiver and unpacked my suitcase.

In the middle of the next week I telephoned the Seattle office again. Yes, my application had been received. Yes, my permit was ready. They were expecting me to call for it in person.

Calling in person would mean a day's boat trip each way with another day in Seattle. It would mean securing a special bank permit from our Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board, whom I would have to convince that it was necessary for me to make a trip into the United States. Could not the permit, I asked, be sent to the Military Intelligence or to the United States Consulate in my city? Yes, under the circumstances, something of the sort might be done.

Alaska-Bound

I waited two more days. Then I called at the Consul's office. They had no permit and had never heard of me. I sent another urgent telegram to Seattle and went home . . . to find in the afternoon mail a letter that had been three days on the way. My permit had been forwarded to the United States Consul-General in Vancouver . . . my actual point of embarkation . . . where I might call and receive it after presenting satisfactory identification.

So in due time I travelled to Vancouver and presented myself at the Consulate with my credentials: bank permit, passport, and letter of identification certifying my good character. I received my permit, had another fingerprint taken, and was issued a visa to enter United States territory. I made one more call: at the United States Immigration office where my credentials were checked all over again. At nine o'clock that evening I caught the Alaska boat.

And I knew, as I had not known three weeks before, that Alaska is taking a good look at anyone who knocks at her door these days. She's going to be very sure she doesn't let in any undesirable visitors. It's a good idea.

• •

Classics vs. Jive

BY CLARA BERNHARDT

WHEN the new neighbors moved into the apartment next door, I had no idea that thus was ushered in the conclusion of the classical music era in my life. Nice, friendly looking people, I thought, peering surreptitiously from behind my sheltering curtains. Father, mother, and two teen-age boys. When I saw a piano taking its precarious way via planks and pulleys thru the heavens, my satisfaction increased. Nice, musically minded people, I thought.

A few days later, when Bill, the younger of the two boys, undertook to shovel our imposing expanse of sidewalk in addition to his own, his red cap and jacket bobbing energetically between drifts of snow, my joy was complete. Undoubtedly our new neighbors were all that was desirable.

To be sure, the boys both belonged to the local bugle band, and at regular daily intervals, piercingly familiar sounds catapulted from the apartment. But that was alright. I was conversant with the soprano agonizing of bugles, for Brother had played one around here before joining the Air Force way back in 1940. This seemed like old times.

Once or twice, I heard strange, thumping sounds coming from the apartment, but that was explained when Merv casually asked next day, what I had thought of their swing session. So that was swing, I thought wonderingly.

Then one day on his peregrinations through our house, Merv discovered the record player. He looked at me with all the accusation of which an eighteen-year old eye is capable, to charge: "You never told me you had one of these things."

"You never asked me," I justified weakly, hoping my stock had not fallen too steeply for having withheld this seemingly vital information.

He pounced on my record cabinet.

(Continued on Page 29)

Busy hands deserve the best care. Your hands can be soft, smooth, and beautiful, too, their loveliness safeguarded by this creamy, non-sticky, delightfully scented Elizabeth Arden Hand-o-Tonik.

Use it always before and after washing; on the entire body after bathing; on elbows, heels, legs, and arms if winter weather or drying heat chaps or roughens the skin.

$1.25 and $2.25

Elizabeth Arden

Simpson's, Toronto

And At Smartest Shops In Every Town

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Viyella FLANNEL

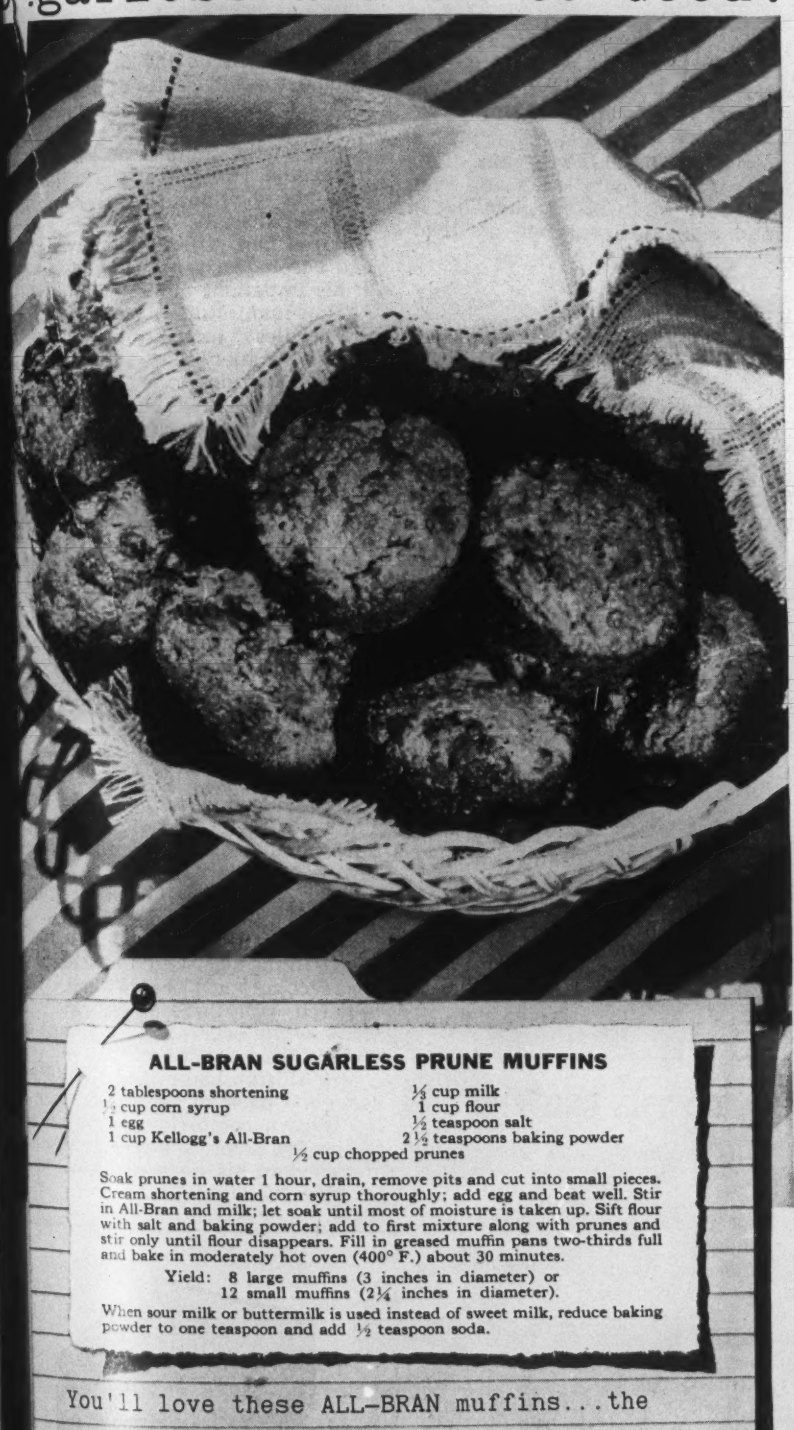
● Buy Viyella by the yard. Make your own sportswear—suit, dress or blouse for yourself or the children.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears

GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST

36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

garless and Oh-So-Good!



ALL-BRAN SUGARLESS PRUNE MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup corn syrup
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
½ cup milk
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup chopped prunes

Soak prunes in water 1 hour, drain, remove pits and cut into small pieces. Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture along with prunes and stir only until flour disappears. Fill in greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

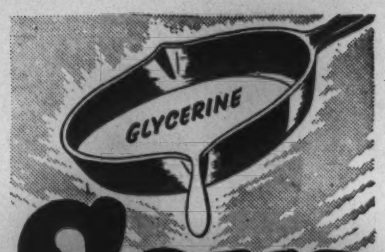
Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or 12 small muffins (2¼ inches in diameter).

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

You'll love these ALL-BRAN muffins...the distinctive texture, the better flavor... that cannot be achieved with just ordinary bran. You'll be delighted, too, by the way the regular use of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN keeps you free from the common type of constipation due to the lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it.

Keeps You Regular... ...NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages.
Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada
"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"



Save THAT Fat!

HERE'S WHAT TO DO

1 You can take your fat drippings, scrap fat and bones to your meat dealer. He will pay you the established price for the dripping and the scrap fat. If you wish, you can turn this money over to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee or Registered Local War Charity, or—

2 You can donate your fat dripping, scrap fat and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee if they collect them in your community, or—

3 You can continue to place out your Fats and Bones for collection by your Street Cleaning Department where such a system is in effect.

SF 434

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES
NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION

THEY ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR EXPLOSIVES

WORLD OF WOMEN

Mr. Clifton Was in Stitches

BY FREDERIC MANNING

MR. AND Mrs. Clifton were the only occupants of the living-room. Mr. Clifton was ensconced in a deep chair with a book. Mrs. Clifton was across the room, noisily turning the pages of the evening paper. At each loud rustle Mr. Clifton shifted uneasily, looked across at Mrs. Clifton, seemed about to say something, and then resumed reading.

His wife was quite unaware of the annoyance she was causing. With her head buried in the paper she spoke. "The Higgins are giving their garden-party later this year." There was no response, so she raised her voice a bit. "I see the Higgins are giving their garden-party later this year." Mr. Clifton gave an almost inaudible grunt.

This was too much for Mrs. Clifton. With much crunching and crackling of paper she put it down. "You didn't hear a word I said. I said the Higgins are giving their garden-party later this year." Mr. Clifton was still buried in his book and didn't look up. "Too cold I suppose", he said. There was a pause. Mrs. Clifton picked up the paper and proceeded to straighten it out, again with much crackling and crunching. "What is?" she asked.

Conversationally Reading

Mr. Clifton looked up from his book. With a very bland expression he explained. "The weather. I presume that is why the Higgins are giving their party later. It's much too cold yet to be out of doors in light frocks." Mrs. Clifton had resumed her reading long before Mr. Clifton had reached the end of his explanation.

He had scarcely finished when she asked, "What is an indictment?" pronouncing it with a good hard C.K. in the middle.

"What?" said Mr. Clifton.

"What is an indictment?"

He put down his book impatiently. "For Heaven's sake! The word isn't indickment, it's inditement."

"Well," said Mrs. Clifton, "why do they spell it with a C then?"

Mr. Clifton was somewhat sarcastic. "Why do they spell Thames with an H, why do they spell sugar without an H, why do they—." He stopped abruptly, seeing that Mrs. Clifton was deep in her newspaper again.

"What's on at the Eglinton Theatre?" she asked. "I can't find their advertisement any place."

He put down his book with an expression of deep resignation. "You'll find it in the second section likely."

Cute But Married

There was much noisy turning of pages, and then a pause. Mrs. Clifton's voice rose in a disappointed wail. "Oh here it is, but it's one of those Mickey Rooney pictures". Mr. Clifton resumed his book. "I used to think he was cute, but now that he's married— —" Mrs. Clifton's voice trailed away. There was a moment's silence, then she very noisily folded the paper and put it down.

Breathing a sigh of relief he settled down to his book again. The relief was short lived however. Mrs. Clifton sat up briskly. "I'd like a game of Rummy" she said brightly. Mr. Clifton's look was far from bright as he regarded her. There were times——. His tone was edgy, "Well, I'd like to read this book."

Purling

Mrs. Clifton looked at him with great surprise. "Oh! I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't think you were interested in it. You haven't been reading very much". Mr. Clifton glared over the top of his book, but Mrs. Clifton wasn't looking his way. Instead, she had picked up some knitting from the table beside her, also a knitting book which she studied for some moments, then started knitting and counting aloud. "I wish I had started a pullover for the navy instead of this one for the air-force. The next one I do ——".

His voice was heavily sarcastic as he interrupted her. "Don't you think you had better get more than the back of the air-force done before you start on the navy?" Mrs. Clifton was intent on her knitting but said she supposed so, then voiced a loud "Damn!"

She glanced at her husband with a speculative air. "Look — " she said. Mr. Clifton heaved violently in his chair and turned to her.

"Now listen, don't come to me, because I don't know anything about knitting. You ought to know that by this time."

"I wish you did," his wife said. "Lots of men do their own socks and even sweaters." Mr. Clifton gave her a baleful look, then resumed his reading.

"The Book Says —"

His wife moved restlessly in her chair, first examining her work, then her knitting book with a very puzzled expression, then with book in hand moved over to Mr. Clifton. "Look, do you think I've knitted those two together?" she asked.

Mr. Clifton put his book down with a bang. "For God's sake how do I know?"

"Well, I thought you might be able to tell," she remarked meekly "Sometimes a person who is not working on a thing can tell just by looking at it what's the matter with it. I mean, well — often they can, you know," she finished rather lamely and slowly resumed her chair and knitting and began counting aloud and consulting the directions audibly, noisily and annoyingly. "It says to purl three and then knit two, then purl two and knit two and I've done that and it doesn't come out right."

Again she went over to him with the book, which she held out to him. "Look it says here—."

Mr. Clifton's patience had reached the vanishing point. "For heaven's sake," he snapped, "what do I know about the thing?" He took the book from his wife and read the line she was pointing to. "It says to purl three then knit two, then purl two and knit two and repeat from the asterisk."

"The what?" asked Mrs. Clifton.

"The asterisk. Don't you know what an asterisk is?"

Mrs. Clifton looked quite blank. "No," she said.

"Well, come here and I'll show you," said Mr. Clifton impatiently.

She came over and he pointed to the asterisk. Mrs. Clifton was amused. "Oh, that!" she said "Oh! I never pay any attention to those things." His jaw dropped but snapped back quickly. "What do you suppose they put them in for?" he demanded.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Clifton airily, "just decoration or something, I suppose. What does it mean?"

Mr. Clifton's patience had now completely vanished and he was at the breaking point. "It means—" he began loudly, and then paused. "Here, just give me the thing and I'll see what I can do to get you straightened out." She handed him the knitting and the book of directions.

"It says to purl three, th[e] two." He looked up. "Wh[at] difference?"

Taking the knitting she sai[d] knit goes this way and purl th[ree] She demonstrated the stitch[es] too expertly. They looked t[o] to Mr. Clifton. "And it says three then knit two, purl t[wo] knit two—."

It was too much for Mr. Cl[if] He snatched the sweater away, "[Gi]ve me the damned knitting," he s[aid]

He put his book face down [on] arm of his chair and balancing knitting book on the other, tried to fathom the intricacies of the instructions. After a few moments he decided that the book seemed to lay great stress on the number of stitches on the needle. His wife was still bending over his shoulder and pressing her cheek against his head which always annoyed him, especially since his hair had become so thin. She drew back at his impatient movement.

"How many stitches have you got on the needles?" he asked. Mrs. Clifton thought vaguely that she was supposed to have ninety. "I know you're supposed to have ninety," he said, "but how many have you?" Mrs. Clifton was still vague but thought she had whatever the instructions called for. This entirely failed to convince Mr. Clifton.

Woolly Arithmetic

"Well I suppose there is only one thing to do and that's to count them myself." He began counting stitches, slowly and laboriously and arrived at one hundred and three. He looked up at his wife severely. "You've got one hundred and three stitches on this needle."

Mrs. Clifton was all a flutter. "Oh, I'm sure I can't have," she said, but doubt had crept in. Arithmetic had always been a weak point, so it might be—. "Are you quite sure?" she asked.

By this time Mr. Clifton wasn't sure of anything and, with a look of fury, began counting a second time. "One hundred and three it is," he said. "Now what ever—?" He looked up and his voice trailed away.

Mrs. Clifton had picked up his book and gone back to her chair. With a leg thrown comfortably over one of the chair's arms, she was completely absorbed in his book and quite oblivious to his question.

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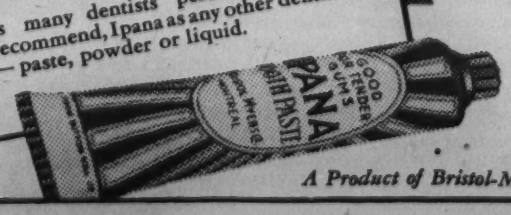

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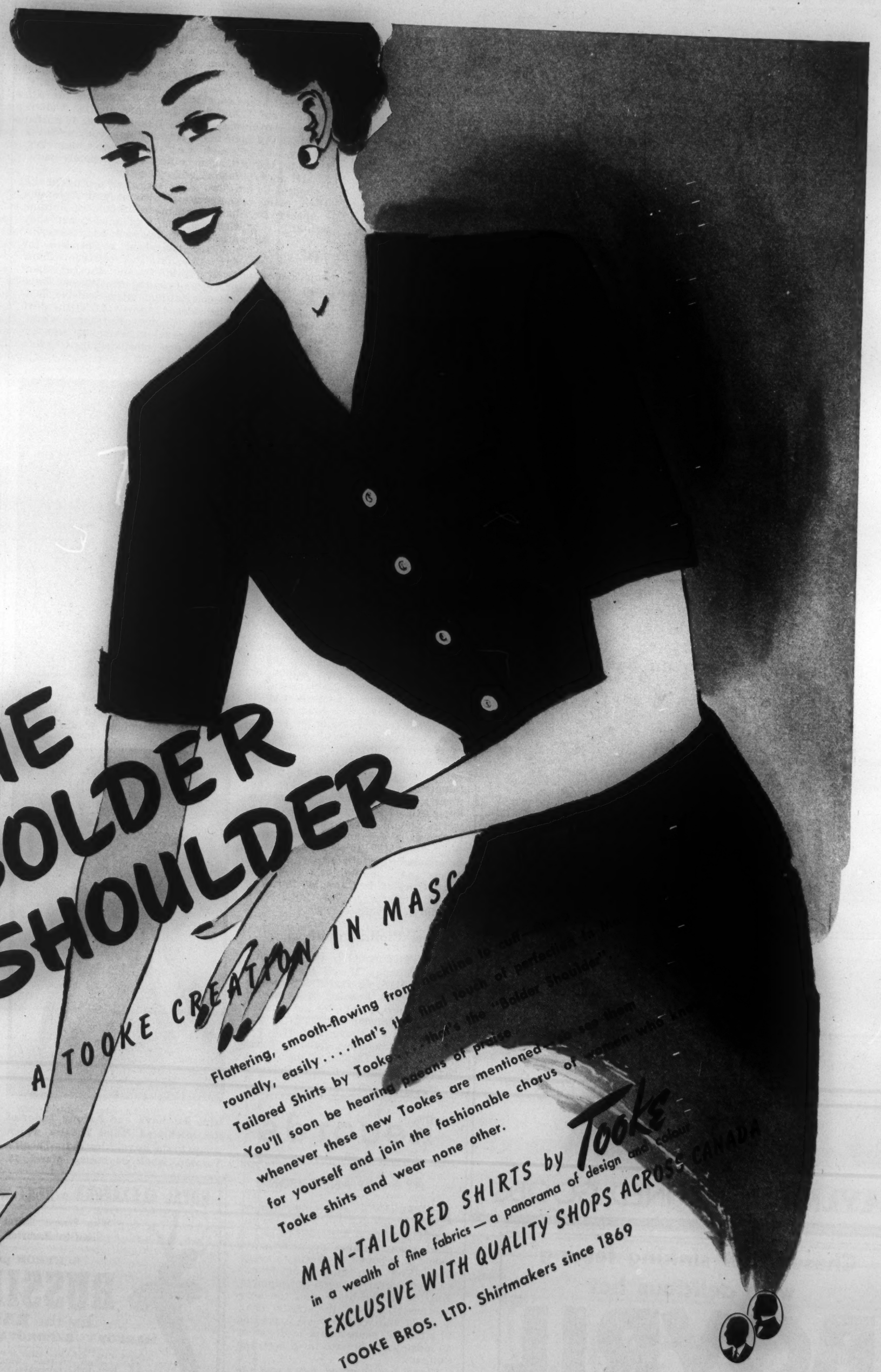
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Rubinstein and Swarthout Return

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

SEVERAL years ago when the pianist Artur Rubinstein returned to Massey Hall after many years to play Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B flat minor with the Philadelphia Orchestra, I said to a young man who accompanied me, "You will be alive years after I am dead, but you will never hear a finer performance of that work". Last week Rubinstein once more played it with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and my conviction holds. His superb performance with the Philadelphians had important local results. He was a stranger to most concert goers but at once became a favorite, and his subsequent visits have been more frequent than those of any other pianist.

The importance of the orchestral part in this work, so brilliantly emphasized by Sir Ernest MacMillan, was mentioned by Tschaikowsky himself. "Here we are dealing with two equal opponents," he said, "the orchestra with its power and inexhaustible variety of color, opposed by the small but high-mettled piano, which often comes off victorious in the hands of a gifted executant".

Miss Swarthout's Recital

In the past I have remarked on the many eminent American singers who hail from the Middle West. Gladys Swarthout hails from Missouri, native State of Mark Twain, though the days of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer were over long before she was born. She is an example of the many channels open to a modern singer, for she has distinguished herself in opera, motion pictures, recording, radio and concert. As a recitalist I like her best of all, for her programs, of which that at Eaton Auditorium last week was a typical example, indicate that she is truly a musician with enthusiasm for the precious things of song. The fact that she is endowed with physical beauty of an unusually expressive quality helps. It is but rarely that tones so richly emotional as hers are reflected in delicate and sensitive changes of countenance.

Prizes for Composers

The Canadian Performing Right Society, which early in 1938 established an annual scholarship competition for Canadian composers under 22, has decided to enlarge its policy of stimulating creative effort by an additional competition providing stimulus to musicians irrespective of age. It will award a maximum of five prizes of $100 each for serious instrumental or choral works by composers of any age, born or resident in Canada. Any work submitted must require at least fifteen minutes in performance. Arrangements, transcriptions or reworkings are excluded, and no more than two works should be submitted by one composer. Works must be mailed not later than May 31 and awards will be announced before October 1. Entry forms may be obtained from the head office of the Canadian Performing Right Society, 1003 Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

A New Violin Sonata

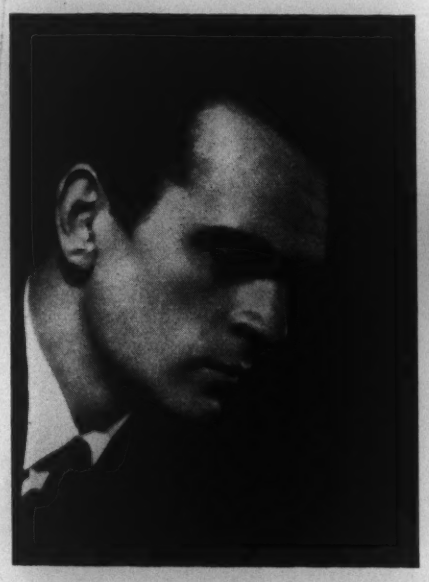
HARRY ADASKIN, at his Recital on Monday March 15, in Theosophical Hall, 52 Isabella Street, is playing, with Frances Marr at the piano, a new Sonata by the Russian composer Nicolai Medtner, a contemporary of Rachmaninoff. For many years Medtner lived in Paris, but escaped to London as the Boches were streaming down from Belgium.

rated by the actor, Richard Hale. It is not an entirely satisfactory recording mainly because of the exaggerated reading of Mr. Hale. His over-emphasis, faulty enunciation, and straining for effect mar the charm and simplicity of the story. He underlines too heavily.

Basil Rathbone, who does the narration on Columbia's recording of *Peter and the Wolf*, reads the lines much more simply and tastefully. Leopold Stokowski conducts the All-American Orchestra in this Columbia set No. D91 (6 sides, 12 inch). Of the two recordings, your reviewer would recommend Columbia's, though neither is completely satisfactory.

Two other sets of recordings invite comparison. Victor and Columbia have both made albums of Jerome Kern's *Show Boat* music, but they are different and each has its merits.

Victor has done a Scenario for Orchestra on Themes from *Show Boat*, played by the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, Werner Janssen conducting. (Red Seal No. DM-906, 6 sides, 12 inch). All of the dear familiar themes are there, woven into a colorful orchestral pattern, introduced and concluded by *Ol' Man River*.



Witold Malcuzynski, eminent Polish pianist who will be heard in recital at the Eaton Auditorium, Wed., Mar. 17.

Irina Baronova and Antony Tudor of the celebrated Ballet Theatre which comes to the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, week beginning March 15.

Records

BY KARI ANDERSON

PROKOFIEV'S charming musical tale, *Peter and the Wolf*, is a universal favorite. And rightly so. A good story, painted by imaginative music, it is bound to appeal to everyone. The rich humor of Peter's swagger, grandfather's grumpiness, and the duck's brashness, the sinuousness of the cat, the sinister character of the wolf, are all expressed in a musical score as apt to the story as music is to libretto in Gilbert and Sullivan.

Victor has recorded *Peter and the Wolf* in set No. M566 (Red Seal, 6 sides, 12 inch). It is played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conducting, and nar-

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The Canadian Performing Right Society Limited offers to Canadian composers of serious instrumental or choral music a maximum of five awards of one hundred dollars each. The awards are open to any composer, born or resident in Canada, and will be presented to the composers submitting the most meritorious works. Not more than two works shall be submitted by each composer. Works shall be mailed to the Society not later than 31st May, 1943.

Any work submitted must require at least fifteen minutes in performance. Arrangements, transcriptions or reworkings are excluded.

Awards will be made by the Board of Judges and will be announced within four months after the closing date.

Entry forms may be obtained from Canadian Performing Right Society Limited, 1003 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ontario.

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FILM AND THEATRE

Casablanca and China

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE screen frequently acts as an immense magnifying mirror, and that is why charm is a quality to be handled with a certain reticence. Tricks and graces and tender vivacity can be pretty painful to watch when they are stepped up to some twenty times their natural potential. Yet actresses will keep on over-doing it, letting loose such a gush of charm that the charm tends to be largely obliterated by the gush. For example there were the performances of both Laraine Day and Fay Bainter in "Journey For Margaret". They had rich parts both of them, but oh how hard they worked to enrich them still further, with all sorts of pretty gestures and loving touches till one longed to say to them, "For heaven's sake, girls, relax; you don't have to pull the customers right in off the street. Just sit down and relax and take a weight off your acting."

By way of contrast to the Vibrant Personality girls, there is the Deadpan School, (e.g. Lynn Bari in the current "China Girl" and Veronica Lake in almost anything.) The Deadpan girls don't give themselves away. If you want to know what they are feeling you'll just have to guess it, they aren't going to lead you by the hand. This can be stimulating up to a point, but in the end it becomes a little irritating. You begin to feel that it wouldn't hurt the star to indicate by some flicker of expression or intonation whether she is desperate or passionate or ecstatic or merely reciting from the script. After all you've paid good money to see the show, you have a right to know a little about what is going on in the young lady's head.

Then there are the stars like Ingrid Bergman. On second thought there are no stars like Ingrid Bergman, there is only Ingrid Bergman. No other star has her beautiful shining candor which always reveals on the instant what she is feeling, and never too little or too much. No actress certainly has her ability to take a rather shoddily written part and transfigure it into meaning and reality by the sheer beauty of her acting.

In "Casablanca", for instance, she is announced, melodramatically, as "the most beautiful woman who ever entered Rick's café." And when she comes on she is exactly that, only without the melodrama. She is the most beautiful woman who ever entered Rick's, or any other café, though it takes you a moment or two to realize it. Any beauty can make an entrance. What Ingrid Bergman can do—and almost no other actress can — is illuminate any scene in which she happens to be, so that everything that happens is reflected in her extraordinary face and then reflected back again with her own special quality of seeing and feeling.

She does unconscious wonders with dialogue as well. In "Casablanca" she has, admittedly some pretty terrible things to say. She has to say gaily, "A penny for your thoughts". She has to mourn over her desperate love, "Oh, I can't fight it any longer." She has to explain that she wore braces on her teeth when she was a little girl—and with her lovely Swedish accent she makes even that ancient line sound unique and endearing. I suspect she could play right through "Abie's Irish Rose" and make you forget everything except Bergman.

Not that "Casablanca" is any "Abie's Irish Rose". In case you haven't been reading the advance notices it's the pre-Eisenhower, pre-Roosevelt-and-Churchill Casablanca we have here, the second-last stop on the way out of Hitler's New Order, where, if you were sufficiently lucky and affluent you could obtain a visa forged by Peter Lorre, disbursed by Sidney Greenstreet and benevolently overlooked by Chief of Police Claude Rains. The story in the beginning is so thick with atmosphere and black intrigue that you may have difficulty finding your way through the plot till your eyes get accustomed to the dark. Ingrid Bergman is involved with both Paul Henreid, a leader of the Underground Movement, and Humphrey Bogart, proprietor of Rick's Café, in ways far too intricate to go into here—even Miss Bergman has to do some pretty persuasive talking to make her story believable. That she succeeds is a remarkable triumph of talent over script.

"Casablanca" is over-plotted and in spite of its rapid movement rather contrived and mechanical in structure. But it has Ingrid Bergman and in addition a background treatment that does convey, in snatched fearful glimpses, some sense of the particular hell-broth that is Hitler's special genius to brew out of the lives and hopes of helpless human beings.

Anyhow What Is An Opera?

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

THE devotion of an honest man for a light woman is standard subject-matter for opera, as witness "Carmen" and "Traviata" and a dozen other libretti; so there was really no reason why the play "Porgy," with much incidental music, should not be made into an opera by providing more music and effecting a slight simplification of story. But I know of no other opera in which the words and actions are so little intensified in their impact on the audience by the addition of music. It is not that the late George Gershwin's compositions lack charm or interest; what they lack is the peculiar sense of structure which enables the great operatic composer to build up climaxes and then build down from them only to resume the emotional ascent after the tension has been released. I imagine Gershwin as feeling that his job was merely to take as much as possible of the drama of Du Bose Heyward and provide a musical accompaniment; and an opera is not made that way. Structure is the thing to which the audiences of the current moment are least sensitive, so that in a way "Porgy and Bess," the Gershwin version, is a characteristic product of the age. It may also be a characteristic example of opera in English, if Professor Tovey's dictum is true that the English tradition ever since Purcell has "inculcated an utter incoherence in the musical scheme." "Louise" seems to me a proof that the French have begun to yield to the same tendency.

Having no aid from the structure of the piece, the performers are under greater responsibilities than ever, for they have to make each item as important as if it stood completely alone. Todd Duncan succeeds perfectly as *Porgy*, and Etta Moten blends well with him in their duets. Edward Matthews does fine work as *Jake*, who unfortunately gets killed early in the second act. Avon Long is a brilliant actor and dancer but not equal to the vocal requirements of "It Ain't Necessarily So." The chorus, both in music and in business, is magnificent, and the conducting of Alexander Smallens (with an excellent orchestra at his disposal) is the key to the success of the whole thing. It is a show not to be missed, full of interesting and agreeable music of a most novel kind; but it is probably not great opera.

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DRESSING TABLE

Information, Please

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IF PERIODS of history had symbols to be used in a manner similar to the zodiac, we haven't a doubt but that the one chosen for the present one would be the question mark. For some unaccountable reason we seem to be enchanted by questions that invite us to show off our accumulation of general information—or our lack of it. The result is that the most popular form of "parlor game" is the guessing game that brings one's I.Q. into public discussion. The radio pays off handsomely to those whose minds are as cluttered with a lot of odds and ends as great-grandma's attic used to be. If you can remember what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, you may find yourself walking out of the broadcasting studio with anything from a box of Good For Man Or Beast Pills to sixty dollars in coin.

Supplying the correct answers to the following questions doesn't bring as varied rewards as that, but only indicate that you are cosmetic-wise and that your fund of general information isn't to be pointed at with the finger of scorn.

Question — When buying creams and so on, does it come under the heading of hoarding to buy large-size jars and containers rather than the small ones that also are available?

Answer — No. Because you get more for your money, you help save containers, and extra shopping trips are eliminated. Decide on your weekly quota of cream, put that amount in a smaller container—and make it last.

Question—Why do knowledgeable gals include an artist's paint brush among their make-up tools?

Answer—They dip the brush in lipstick and paint it on because it's the best way to give a clean definite outline to lip make-up. The trick needs practice but is easy once you get the hang of it.

Question—Is time the only thing that will mend a fingernail that has split or broken?

Answer—No. It is possible to do a very effective repair job that will be almost undetectable — especially if you use the darker shades of polish. And what is more the broken nail won't catch in stockings or other things. Remove all old polish. Then put a rather heavy dab of polish over the split portion. Before it has time to dry place over it a tiny piece of cleansing tissue (single thickness). Tap it down gently until it's firmly stuck to the polish. Let it dry, then apply one or two coats of polish all over the nail surface including the patched-up part. The nail will remain mended until it's time for another manicure.

Overhead Disguise

Question—Why did Louis XIII in 1624 set the fashion of wearing the periwig? Was it to keep his head warm? To act as a disguise?

Answer—Purely for vanity's sake. Louis was prematurely bald.

Question—What's the trick used by Hollywood make-up men to make a prominent jaw-line seem less Gibralter-like?

Answer—Powdering it with a powder several shades darker than that used on the rest of the face.

Question—The lack of what vitamin is said to cause the appearance of silver threads among the gold?

Answer—Vitamin B. This is widely distributed in vegetables and meats. Whole grain cereals and foods are particularly rich in it. It has not yet been established just what part of vitamin B may affect grey hair. It may be pantothenic acid, so they say. Eat a well-balanced diet and concentrate on your intake of whole grain products if you don't yearn for silver-flecked hair. If you wish to do more about it, ask your doctor how much brewers yeast to take daily.

Miss Jones

Question—She's asking for trouble if she wears her hair so that it touches her collar. Who is she?

Answer—You're in the Army now, Miss Jones.

Question—Why are the newest lipstick containers made of plastics or wood, but never metal?

Answer — Because the machines that made the metal ones are being used to turn out bullets and, too, the metal is needed for other things.

Question—Who was the man after whom a wave was named? — the woman whose name is that of a recently revived style of wearing the hair?

Answer—Marcel. Pompadour.

Question—Can you remember the name of the woman who is the reason why—instead of being proud of the quantity of our hair—we make regular trips to the hair-dresser to have it cut? And—ask mother if you're too young to remember—the name of the sisters who were famous at the turn of the century for the length of their tresses?

Answer—Of course you remember Irene Castle. But how about the Seven Sutherland Sisters?

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Classics Vs. Jive

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Mozart, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, more Mozart. All of which was spurned by the boy next door. "This all you have?" he demanded scathingly.

"I'm only starting a collection," I defended. "Takes time to build up a library. I've Bach's concerto for two violins, in D Minor, on order right now."

Infinite disgust claimed him. "You're not buying more of this stuff, I hope?" pointing a derisive finger at what he called a concert-oh! Never had Beethoven looked so infinitesimal. "Haven't you anything else?"

Inspiration smote me. At the bottom of the cabinet, in a section of its own, lay a small collection. Brother's little heritage, which I was carefully conserving against the war's termination! He had bought them on embarkation leave, before going to Britain to be a fighter pilot.

"Here you are, kid. These may be more your style. It's a year since Dave bought them, so perhaps they're out of date by now though." At least I knew that much about popular music! Here today, gone tomorrow.

A bit skeptically, Merv accepted my offerings, but their titles created a faint gleam of approval in his eye. A moment later Tommy Dorsey's trumpets were blasting through the house, and a moaning blues singer proclaimed ardently about "those cool and limpid green eyes!" On Merv's face was an expression of beatification, worth all the lacerating notes of Dorsey. Why, I hadn't seen anyone look that happy since Wings Parade!

Hidden Treasure

"To think you never told me," he kept murmuring. "And all this time, you've had this thing here!"

I grew accustomed to Dorsey before long. I even discovered there were wilder things. For Merv began investing in records, in preparation for the day when he would possess a record player. Meanwhile, his purchases blessed my machine.

"Listen to that, just listen to that!" he would implore, as a particularly obnoxious trumpet solo shattered the air. "Gotta hear that again." We'd hear it. "No kiddin', that's hot playing! It's contra-bole! You oughta see him do it." Since I couldn't, Merv obligingly demonstrated with an invisible (fortunately) instrument, giving an excellent interpretation of a tribesman with acute appendicitis.

Before long I grew accustomed to such names as Duke Ellington, Frank Sonatra, Gene Krupa and Jimmy Dorsey—though I must not think he was in the same class as Tommy! No, sir! This galaxy of swing supermen all seemingly existed for the sole purpose of blowing trumpets, beating drums and leading orchestras. And Merv seemingly existed for the sole purpose of listening to them, in an ecstatic semi-swoon on the family sofa.

"I Like Cake"

One day he brought over a little number with the erudite title, "Knock Me A Kiss, Baby!" It opened with the most ghastly cacaphony of brasses it has ever been my misfortune to hear. A moment later, the—well, the most *individual* male voice I've ever heard, assured us that he "liked cake, and no mistake, but baby if you insist, I'll cut the cake, just for your sake, come on baby, and knock me a kiss!"

It wasn't singing. It wasn't talking. It wasn't chanting. It was—well—

"That's Ray Eberle!" Merv assured me in hushed tones. The way the Russians must speak of Stalin, the Chinese of Chiang-Kai Shek. "He's the negro singer with Gene Krupa. Boy, is he good! No kiddin. Just listen."

"I love jam, and no flim flam,
Scratch it off my list!
Diss ain't no jam, de jam can scram,
Come on baby, and knock me a kiss!"

Bewildered I asked, "What's he talking about?"

"Shhhh! Shhh!" I was silenced. The hoarse tones proceeded.

"When yuh press your lips to mine,
It's peaches and bananas and everything good!
Oh, I like pie, I hope to die. . . ."

"That," I pronounced, "is unquestionably the stupidest thing I've ever heard. It just doesn't make sense."

But neither did the way that song stuck with me, make sense! It lingered in my mind like a fog in a valley. It kept me awake at night. The words nagged me all day—a phrase here, a word there. The jam can scram! The complete originality of jam scramming, haunted me. And the fact that he liked pie and hoped to die. . .

After two tortured days, I called Merv on the 'phone, with instructions to bring over that crazy *Knock Me* record.

"You feeling alright?" he asked solicitously. However, he hopped the fence and soon Eberle's hoarse tones proclaimed his plea to be knocked a kiss. I hung over the loud-speaker, intent on catching every word.

"When yuh press your lips to mine,
It's then I understood all, baby!
Tastes like candy, brandy and wine. . ."

"Maybe I'd better leave that record with you for a day or two," Merv suggested after we'd played it three times.

Funny how it grew on you, I mused.

"Maybe you'd like to have my *Sargum Switch* too?"

I nodded. And then, aware my downfall had been complete, said firmly, "By the way, I've listened to your records for days, how about hearing one of mine? I got this for Christmas," picking up Wagner's *Forest Murmurs*. I had scarcely played it, having been so busy listening to Merv's offerings.

Roles Switched

"I'd love to hear your record," the boy next door said courteously. "But I really have to go home and practise now. You know I'm taking piano lessons."

"And what are you working on now?" Some ultra-jive, doubtless. Heaven pity the modern piano teacher.

"Oh, my teacher gave me *Clair de Lune* last week."

"You—*Clair de Lune?*" I managed.

Soon the delicate moonlight chords floated across the fence. It was a queer world. Merv learning Debussy . . . and me playing the *Sargum Switch!* To complicate matters, Brother had just written home about going to hear the London Philharmonic play Brahms' *Fourth* at *my* behest. "I enjoyed it too," he'd written. What would he think when he came back to find the sister who had urged the classics upon him, playing *Lily of Laguna?*

Well, meantime I've ordered a hot Dorsey arrangement of "Why don't you Do Right?"—and the boy next door has borrowed my Philadelphia orchestra arrangement of *Clair de Lune.*

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Cleopatra Ate An Onion

BY JOCELYN MOORE

NOT even the original Roman noses turned up at onions. When fruit-store proprietors spoke Latin instead of Italian or Chinese, they called the onion *unio* which also meant "unity" and "a large species of pearl".

In fact, that story about Cleopatra dining on a pearl dissolved in vinegar is probably all wrong. Five will get you ten it was an onion.

An onion, well-nigh as precious as a pearl, also figures in the war-time social career of Lady Humply, of Little-Podges-on Stokely, Neithersex, England. The Stores sent a message that, Monday come Michaelmas, her grocery order would include an onion. As the tweenie (yet too young for airplane parts) unpacked the string bag, Lady Humply hovered near to pounce upon the onion. It emerged, a small, dessicated bulb, smelling faintly of laundry soap.

Lady Humply sent a village child with a message to The Stores: "I really cannot make use of this so-called onion." The Stores bribed the village child with a tea bag and a pear drop, and sent it back to say: "Very well, madam, kindly hold the onion in readiness for our call."

In the fulness of time The Stores collected the onion. That night Lady Humply dined with the Countess of Stilton. "My friends," announced the Countess, who was of so ancient a lineage she could afford to be an Americophile, "this evening I have a great treat in store for you. An onion!" In the middle of the salver, nestled in a potato-and-carrot ring browned in Bovril, lay a small, dessicated bulb.

"My onion!" screamed Lady Humply.

"I beg your pardon!" said the Countess, in County tones.

These were the last words they ever exchanged. . . .

This anecdote is, as the school-books used to say, founded on fact. How well its protagonists would understand the exultation experienced by E. J. Kahn, Jr., writing in the New Yorker magazine with a New Guinea dateline: "For the first and probably the only time in my life I had complete charge of all the canned onions within a radius of a hundred miles."

Other authors than Mr. Kahn have lifted the onion from the kitchen to regions more sublime. Or, as Dante Alligheri, more infernal. The structure of Dante's Hell was composed of successive, well-fitting layers, like an onion.

Little Tudor 'prentices were familiar with the effect of the onion on the lachrymose gland and Shakespeare doubtless was putting in a word for them, his groundlings, when Enobarbus pronounced, "The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow." Indeed, John Kieran's friend W. Shakespeare explicitly recommended, in the Induction to The Taming of the Shrew,

"If the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears
An onion will do well for such a shift."

It has been said that the pyramids of Egypt were built upon onions, for the slaves who did the job had little else to eat. Such sustaining powers would have been disputed by John Gerard, author of The Herbal, or History of Plants, for he holds that "rawe, they (onions) nourish not at all, and but a little though boiled." Our grandmothers' use of the onion poultice against sore throat and the poison of bee stings, though, was more along Gerard's lines, for writing on their 'vertues' he says: "The juice of onions snuffed up into the nose, purgeth the head and draweth forth the raw and phlegmatic humours. . . . Stamped with salt, rue and honey, and so applied, they are good against the biting of a mad dog. . . ." and furthermore, "The juice anointed upon a pild or bald head in the sun, bringeth the haire again very speedily."

Wartime Hint

Dr. William Kitchener's The Cook's Oracle includes the onion in a list of 'broths, herbs, soups and seasonings' along with such curious items as 'isinglass' and 'potato mucilage'. He gives this excellent war-time hint (his book was published in New York in 1855): "Sliced onions fried, with some butter and flour, till they are browned (and rubbed through a sieve) are excellent to heighten the color and flavor of brown soups and sauces, and form the basis of most of the relishes furnished by the 'Restaurateurs', as we guess from the odor which ascends from their kitchens, and salutes our olfactory nerves 'en passant'."

And truly, onions alone can do a great deal for a vegetable plate, at some meatless luncheon or dinner. Either sauted in meat fat, or baked whole in the oven with a daub of fat on top of them, they impart a rich, meaty flavor to their blander vegetable accompaniments. Try them stuffed with liverwurst . . . . mmm.

Then, of course, onion soup, made with beef or chicken stock, covered with a round piece of toast and grated cheese, will bring tears to the eyes of Francophiles even quicker than "The Last Time I Saw Paris" . . . . and will quickly render the whole party maudlin about Les Halles at dawn, the flower stalls outside the Luxembourg and so on and so on. If maudlinity is to be avoided at all costs—and rightly so—keener though less widely diffused memories may perhaps be revived by Tarte à l'Oignon bruxelloise. This is how it is made, and it's marvellous with a green salad for luncheon, or as a vegetable at dinner:

For the pastry:

1 cup flour
3½ tb. lard
¼ tsp. salt
2½ to 3 tb. cold water

Rub the lard into the flour with the fingertips, add salt and blend in the cold water. Roll out very thin. Line a well greased and floured, square cake tin, making a nice fluted edge with the pastry.

For the filling:

1/3 cup butter
3 large onions chopped fine (1½ cups)
3 tsp. flour
⅞ cup cream
¾ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 eggs, well beaten

Melt butter, saute onions to golden brown, sprinkle flour over this, stirring constantly, and thin out gradually with the cream until all is used, season and continue to stir until it is thick. Then move the pan off the heat and stir the eggs in carefully. Put into the crust and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour. Serve immediately.

• •

LORD WOOLTON, British Minister of Food, has said: "It isn't comfort we're after. It's winning this war—and using our food to keep us fit to win this war. And that's the standard I aim at. It's a fighting standard, closely calculated. All we ask for is that we shall have enough of it, and no more, to give us the sustaining spirit of battle, our daily bread to give us strength for our day's job. We may, indeed, have to have less than we are having now. We've maintained a fighting standard of fitness; we shall maintain it if we husband all our resources—all of them—with the utmost care, each taking only according to his need."

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CONCERNING FOOD

Cookery Joins the Arts

BY JANET MARCH

"GOOD intentions are not enough to make a good cook," said Dr. Mary Sweeny of the Merrill Palmer School of Detroit when she was speaking in Toronto on nutrition recently. All who heard her went away impressed with her vitality and her common sense and assured that here was a person who got impossible things done quickly and efficiently.

No one has discovered just what does make a good cook, and certainly some wonders in the kitchen are completely lacking in the Pollyanna Spirit. The world seems to be divided into women who think they can cook and women who say they can't. I don't know how men carry on about their culinary ability but I've eaten some pretty awful meals prepared by cooks who thought they were Escoffier's craft sisters, and been presented apologetically with ambrosial food by people who say, "My dear, I really can't cook at all!"

Dr. Sweeny raised good cookery to a place at least within shouting distance of the arts. After all cooking is something we all sit down to three time a day, while you can get by without a peek at a masterpiece or a daily listen to a symphony. You may miss these aids to pleasant living, but your insides don't cry out for those types of art in quite the same way which they do for food.

The housekeeper has a tough time keeping up the artistic side of her cookery these days too. Each visit to the grocer's seems to prove that there are a few more things lacking. But then if tinned asparagus isn't to be had you may stumble on a bottle of marmalade. Shopping takes longer, your list has to be adjustable, but there is a pride in the catch which wasn't there when you marketed swiftly twice a week and got all you came for.

If we could just learn the unknown secret of turning out perfect meals in a few minutes we could make up the time spent in dropping in at the grocer's every day pursuing the favored brand of soap flakes, jelly powder or shortening. Here are a few recipes which don't take too long to get ready.

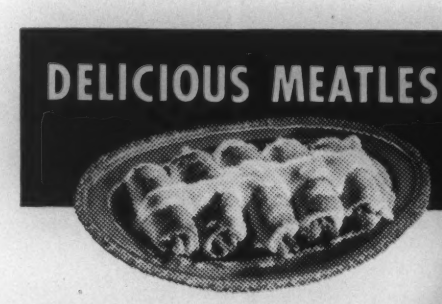
Cream of Corn Soup

1 small onion sliced
2 cups of canned corn
1 quart of milk
3 tablespoons of shortening
2 tablespoons of flour
½ cup of diced cooked potatoes
1 slice of green pepper chopped
Salt and pepper
Chopped parsley

Melt the shortening and fry the onion till it is just pale brown. Then stir in the flour, and salt and pepper

(*Continued on Next Page*)

DELICIOUS MEATLESS MAIN DISH



"MAGIC" VEGETABLE CHEESE ROLLS

2 cups sifted flour
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt.
2 to 4 tbs. shortening
⅔ to ¾ cup milk
½ lb. whole cooked carrots
½ lb. whole cooked string beans
3 tbs. chopped onions
3 tbs. shredded green pepper
Melted butter
Seasoning to taste

Sift dry ingredients, cut in shortening. Add milk to make soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll into ⅛ inch thickness, cut into 3 inch squares. Quarter carrots lengthwise. Combine all vegetables with butter and seasonings, place a portion on each square of dough. Wrap dough around filling, press edges together. Bake on baking sheet in hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Serve with cheese sauce.

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But remember—*start* by getting super-rich Chase & Sanborn Coffee! Quality coffee goes further.

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

Cookery Joins the Arts

and add the milk. Stir till it comes just to the boil. Add the corn and potatoes and let the mixture simmer gently. If you don't want to have to keep an eye on it to stop burning put it in the double boiler. Then add the pepper finely chopped and the parsley just before serving.

Spaghetti and Meat

If you saw "My Sister Eileen" you will remember that this is the dish which kept the girls so very much alive in their Greenwich Village cellar.

- 1 pound of chopped beef
- 1½ cups of canned tomatoes
- ½ clove of garlic
- 1 pound of spaghetti
- 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons of tomato paste (if you have any or can find any)
- ½ teaspoon of salt
- ¼ teaspoon of pepper
- 4 tablespoons of grated cheese
- Fat

Shape the meat into flattish balls and sauté them in the fat. Remember to season the meat well before shaping it. When they have browned add the tomatoes, parsley, tomato paste, garlic and more seasoning. Cover and simmer gently for about three quarters of an hour. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water about twenty minutes then drain and put to keep hot. Pour the meat mixture over the spaghetti and sprinkle with the grated cheese and serve.

Prune Whip

- 1 cup of cooked prunes
- 2 teaspoons of lemon juice
- 2 egg whites
- 2 tablespoons of sugar

Chop the prunes and add the lemon juice. Beat the egg whites and add the sugar slowly and beat till the whites of egg stand up in peaks. Then fold in the prunes.

Kidney and Mushroom Casserole

- 6 lamb's kidneys
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup of sliced mushrooms
- 1 tablespoon of scraped onion
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 2 tablespoons of flour
- 1 cup canned consommé
- 2 tablespoons of sherry

Split the kidneys and soak them in cold water for about half an hour. Then sauté them in the shortening with the mushrooms and onion. Stir in the flour and add the hot consommé and bring to the boil. Simmer till the sauce thickens, add the sherry and turn into a hot casserole. Cook in a slow oven for about twenty minutes and then serve.

Hungarian Veal Cutlets

- 1 veal cutlet cut about an inch thick
- 4 tablespoons of fat
- 1 large onion sliced
- ½ teaspoon of paprika
- ½ cup of sour cream
- Flour seasoned with salt and pepper

Roll the cutlet in the seasoned flour. Melt the fat in a frying pan and add the cutlet and onion and cook till the meat is brown on both sides. Sprinkle with the paprika, add the cream, put on a cover and let the meat simmer very slowly for about forty minutes.

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LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP Mix

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

How to Hold Your Man

BY MAY RICHSTONE

THERE's no scarcity of advice on the subject. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," admonishes one magazine. "Be clever—or else!" threatens another. "Be a clinging vine," says one authority. "Be a domestic tower of strength," insists another. Be well-groomed, be tolerant, be a good cook, be good company, be alert, or else beware, you'll lose your darling.

To all articles of such ilk, you'll pardon me if I murmur a derisive, unladylike "Aw nuts!"

It is my firm conviction, based on limited personal observation, that no woman need bother trying to hold her man. All men fall into two categories—those that can't be lost, so don't worry; and those that can't be held, so why try.

If you've got a man, relax. Whether he stays yours depends, not on you, but on him. If he's the roving kind, there is no magic formula for holding him. He'll love you and leave you despite all your wiles. If he is the true-blue kind, you don't need a magic formula for holding him. He'll stand by, despite your faults. For men, on the whole, are philosophical creatures who do not look for perfection, do not find it and do not despair.

Especially husbands. Once a woman becomes a habit with her man, inertia is her ally. He may be moved to register a mild protest from time to time; he may deliver a stern rebuke; he may even put on an irate husband scene, but like the old, ungrammatical song, "It don't mean a thing."

I don't know a single wife who makes a single effort to hold her man. And yet, there the husbands are, patient, long-suffering, downright uxorious. How to hold your man, indeed!

Anne—

There's Anne and Charles, as a case in point. Anne is a social butterfly by predilection. She likes to be all dressed up with some place to go. She loves the bright lights. Romance flows in her veins. She always looks like a vision from Harper's Bazaar. Marriage was a great disillusionment for her. She fell in love with a gallant white knight who whispered sweet nothings as he squired her all around the town. By the metamorphosis of marriage, he became a man who yearns to spend evenings at home. Does he spend them? Not often. Their social calendar brims over with events he groans to contemplate. Does he rebel? Not he. He groans, but he goes.

Whenever I see Anne so beautifully groomed, I think of Dorothy and Ed. During Dorothy's business hours downtown, she is normally presentable. But for evenings at home, or visits with the neighbors, although Ed is always impeccable, Dorothy goes in for untrammelled, uninhibited comfort. She sheds her girdle, rolls stockings full of runs precariously below the knee, and dons some dress that dates back to the antediluvian period. Her hair is wild, her nose is shiny. She lets herself go, but her man stands loyally by.

Then there is Janie who has been married to Jack some three years. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, she must know all the detours. She telephoned me the other day, to ask me how to boil vegetables. Her husband had pleaded for a change from the canned variety. Besides, it would be patriotic to go easy on canned goods. I tossed off a few general directions and concluded, "Of course, you save the water in which you've boiled the vegetables, for soup."

"Soup!" she sniffed. "Not me. It's too much trouble."

Jack's mother could tell Janie a thing or two about cooking. Jack was brought up on home-baked bread, deep-dish apple pies, meals that took hours of loving care to prepare. Jack is lucky now if he gets a sliced tomato, a baked potato and a couple of sausages for dinner, with store-bought cake for dessert.

Not so, Dan. Since Barbara married him, he gets wonderful meals. Barbara is a dietitian by training. Every meal she serves contains a delicate balance of vitamins, calories, colors, flavors and budgeting. But Dan was a rip-snorting bachelor for some forty odd years before he lost his heart to Barbara. His bachelor rooms were something to remember. Not a ray of sunlight or a breath of fresh air dared penetrate into his quarters. The floor rarely saw benefit of broom. His stock of liquor and his capacity were both enormous. Good old Dan was dyspeptic, pallid and happy.

Not so, Dan, now. Under Barbara's vigilant eye, he eats wholesome food, indulges in only an occasional drink, looks wonderful and never draws a free breath. Well might Dan protest at the complete loss of his liberty. Well might he mutiny. But he doesn't.

And while I am in the spirit of analysis, what about a little criticism on home territory? What do I do to hold my own man, poor dear. Very little, I assure you, compared to how I harass him.

I darn his socks only when and while he stands over me with an Indian war club. One evening every month he must spend unravelling the Gordian knot I've made of our check book. Blithely I make three social engagements for the same evening and leave it to him to extricate us gracefully from at least two of them. "Do come over!" I politely urge distant relatives of mine who are anathema to him. They come and he spends long, haggard evenings playing the genial host, the hypocrite. My further sins of omission and commission, though legion, must be nameless. There is such a thing as self-preservation.

But the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that no woman ever has to worry about holding her man. All she has to do is to keep him so much in love with her that her faults don't matter.

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10-WD-M

THE OTHER PAGE

Lieutenant Commander and Poet

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

FREDERICK B. WATT, Lieutenant Commander R.C.N.V.R., and son of that veteran Canadian newspaper man, A. B. Watt of the Edmonton *Journal*, has put his heart into the book "Who Dare to Live," described as a Narrative Poem and published by Macmillan ($1.75). And so it is not surprising that it has turned out to be a worthy and even thrilling piece of work.

A Narrative Poem? Surely we're not back in the days of Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner!* And yet perhaps we are, for Coleridge lived through the Napoleonic wars and knew the glory of England on the sea. And surely that glory holds in these times when the dangers of the Western Ocean and of all other oceans are swift and terrible. Out of many a convoy, ships leap to red ruin and then disappear, carrying with them scores of seamen. But the survivors, rescued from open boats or plucked out of the oily waves, sign on again, and yet again, not as conscious heroes, but as clean, tough men who know their duty and the joy of it.

Here is the tale of a master-mariner, captain of a freighter of 8,000 tons, the *Bergetta*, flagship of her Line. Also he is the husband of a gallant girl who had defied her class to marry him when he was but a second mate. He is likewise father of a lad in air-force blue. For the first two years of the war he and his ship carry on, missing disasters by a hand-breadth. But at last she is bombed and torpedoed, and the captain, after a rest too brief, is sent to New York to bring home one of the old-timers built in the time of the first war, and idle for years.

The crew he ships is not like the crews he used to know. Too many malingerers and sea-lawyers are among them. The re-fitting is delayed and delayed until at last the captain turns up at Halifax a month late and vexed at heart with the voyage. The naval doctors say he's not fit for duty and he has a nervous breakdown. Two months later he finds himself at Fairlee in Vancouver Island, a home he and his wife had often coveted, but now his own. She had bought it in the fair hope that on his recovery he would stay retired. But he is offered a berth as mate on a tramp ship, and under the fierce urge of duty he goes again to sea.

The story is told in 68 pages of fervent and well-fashioned verse; mostly in rhymed couplets. But it is not a mere essay in rhyming. The spirit of sincerity lights it. It has reticence and suppressed passion that make it a fine and moving tale. In a few lines the author draws vivid character sketches, such as that of a comrade, Captain Sampson, "who barged hell-roaring into your affections, against your will, yet never seemed to shove." Or this: "Bos'n found lazy interest in his pipe. He tapped and scraped it till the time was ripe to speak again: 'If Churchill came to-night and said, well, lads, we've picked a losing fight,' what would you have him do?"

When the complainant murmured that he wanted to live,

'Bos' spoke three words, and no hydraulic ram
Could have hit harder, 'So did Rotterdam'."

So, as you read, you not only get acquainted with a galaxy of living men—and one woman—but you find rich phrasing, original figures, such as "the ocean's pageant and the cold, hard logic of her ways," or the "class-forged barbed wire, line on line, that ranged between her world and mine."

It's romantic of course, but this is the time of Romance, when ordinary men become extraordinary and think nothing of it, when the loyalty of a woman is expected, when death is counted a nuisance rather than a King of terrors, when England is a land beloved, even as it was when Shakespeare wrote, or when Coleridge and Southey were alive.

The captain's wife was the daughter of a British Colonel killed with Allenby's force before Jerusalem. His last letter to his daughter is given in these lines:

"If God's own Son could face with hope
His zero hour from this slope
Where we are camped—this bleakest hill—
Then even I may yet fulfill
Some sense of having lived for more
Than victory in a passing war.

For all of England that is fair
Is what our dear Lord planted there;
And all of England that is ill
Is where we've forced our pagan will;
And all of England that shall be
Grows fine or false in men like me.

So, sweet, to-night has come a start
Of re-born England in my heart.
And nothing I shall do must blur
Those things I covet most for her—
Those clean, tough qualities that He
Gave fishermen in Galilee."

• •

Do You Like Funerals?

BY J. SMYTH CARTER

WHAT do you enjoy most in life? Ask this question of a dozen people of your acquaintance and the variety of answers will surprise you.

Close friends and even members of the same family are often as far apart as the poles when they come to chalk up their No. 1 enjoyment.

There are people, more in number than you would think possible, both men and women, who thoroughly enjoy attending funerals. Some of these individuals follow religiously the daily papers just to see what funeral they can attend tomorrow. Broad-minded and unselfish in their choices, they show no favoritism—rich and poor, famed or little-known, share alike their attentions.

Some years ago there served in the Toronto City Council and Board of Control a gentleman held in very high esteem by the citizens of this city. A man of very fine character and an able legislator, his passing brought deserving homage from people in all walks of life. The day of the funeral members of the family and friends were sitting together just prior to the service when in came an elderly gentleman, respectable looking, and kindly in manner. Believing him to be a close acquaintance of Mr. ——, or perhaps one who had received from him some special kindness or benefaction, as many others had, a sister of the departed vacated her chair in order that the stranger who had kindly come to pay his final respects might be close to the remains of his old friend. Comfortably seated, he looked at the casket, then his gaze wandered about the room, carefully scrutinizing people and surroundings. Finally, in the stillness of the moment, he turned to the one sitting next to him and in half-audible whisper inquired: "Who's dead?"

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The cream to use before the evening dance. No rubbing off—no touching up. A trial will convince.
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THIS SPRING... FASHION has a PLAN

NO need this Spring for a clean sweep of your clothes. As Vogue says, "Change, simply for the sake of change, is finished." So, this Spring, you'll start with a plan. First, scan every stitch you own to see what's still wearable in your wardrobe . . . with a bit of fixing and fresh accessories they should fit into your plan. Alongside, put down anything new you need—but even that should tie in with what you have, so you can interchange accessories. Whatever you buy should have a feeling of permanence, a look of purpose . . . and for that dash of individuality, choose those important little things to snap up a lagging costume. **EATON'S** can help you with your plan . . . with fresh new clothes or fresheners for the not-so-new in your wardrobe. Our Fashion Aisle on the Main Floor will inspire you with its possibilities . . . this week we're "Saving Charm"—to help you look your best while you do your part and keep in mind the pretty part.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED

Gold Will Still Be World's Financial Servant

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The great need after the war will be for a revival of international finance, for international trade can be effectively reborn only on the foundation of an international monetary set-up which recognizes the relation between the purchasing power of different currencies. Gold will still be an essential financial servant.

True, there is the difficulty of maldistribution, but, says Mr. Layton, it is easy to exaggerate this. The United States can solve the gold distribution problem, he says, by a liberal trade policy, by buying freely from overseas, and by wiping out the memory of her forlorn fiscal policy after the last war.

London.

WITH the sweep of good war news across the world's battlefields, the new brooms of the post-war (or, as their critics call them, the wagging tongues of reconstruction) are showing a dynamic activity. Few questions are as hotly debated as the question of gold. The metal still has its worshippers, to whom the historical evidence of the between-war period is as nothing and by whom the present in-the-wings role of gold is unnoticed; and it has in arms against it a substantial body of gold-haters, who identify the metal with social reaction and whose acquaintance with its economic function does not extend beyond the fact that its presence in large quantities on the person bespeaks a distressing survival of feudal inequalities.

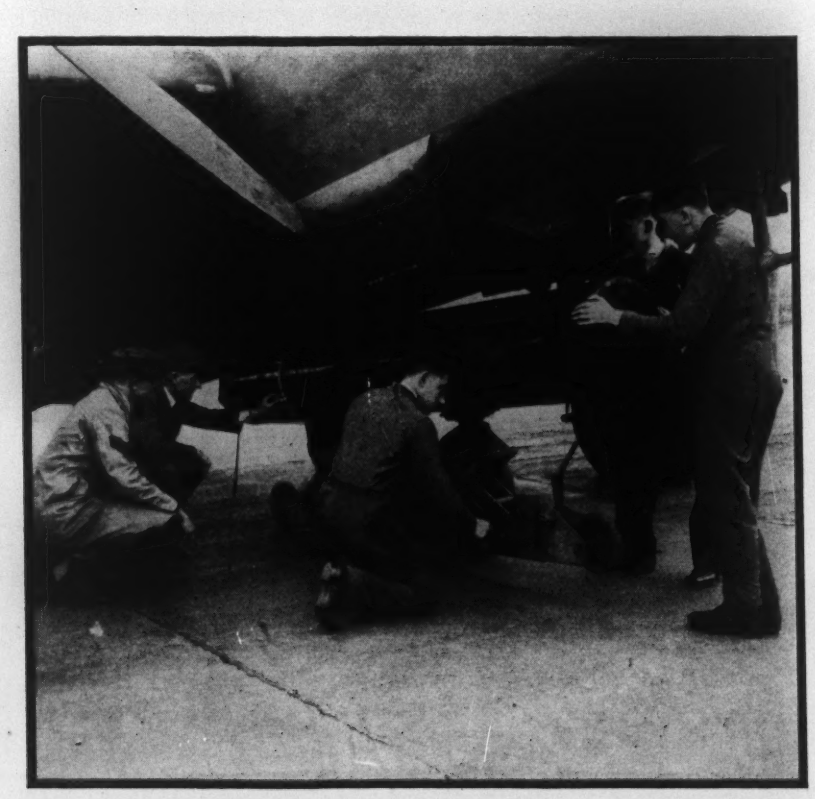
Must Be Seen Clearly

The question of gold has become a multitude of questions, and the glitter of it is disguised in a fog of social, political, trade and financial argument. It will not be solved until it is seen clearly.

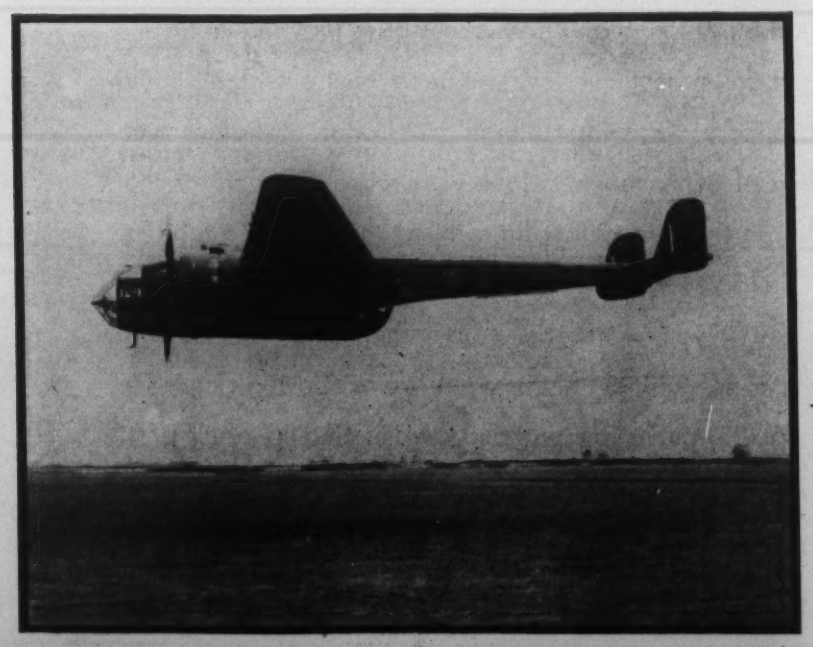
The present position and the recent history of the metal speak for themselves. In the old days, when economists had the courage to speak categorically, gold was universally supported as the only practicable means of exchanges, store of value, and measure of value. This virtue was conferred on it because of many subsidiary virtues, such as its portability, malleability (important when it circulated physically), rarity, constancy of production, and so on.

Later on, gold became identified with finance and with what is now called the supremacy of finance over economics—the "money bogey". What happened in and after the last war radically changed its position, and its financial resuscitation in the dark age of 1925-31 served only to underline the mistake. Germany also underlined the mistake for she contrived economic wonders without the metal, and, while Mussolini was pleading for the wedding rings of

Little known part in Britain's blockade of Europe is that which night after night is played by British and Canadian squadrons who fly over enemy waters laying mines in places inaccessible to the Navy. Not so spectacular as bombing, the work is vital in that it causes great disruption of enemy sea traffic. It calls for a high degree of skill in navigating and precision piloting. These photographs, just released for publication, were taken at an RAF station from which Hampden mine-laying aircraft operate. Here a mine is ready to be loaded into plane.



Above: the mine, elevated by its carrier, disappears into the Hampden which then (below) takes off across the North Sea to sow destruction.



THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Everyone Must Fight Inflation

BY P. M. RICHARDS

MR. ILSLEY, in his Budget speech, didn't say that inflation is going to get us, but he did say that "the forces making for inflation are present on a large scale", and that "the pressure is held in check only by the rigor of our existing taxation, by the willingness of Canadians to save on an unprecedented scale, and by our price control and wage control". Mr. Ilsley made it plain that the Government can't check inflation by itself, that the people must co-operate to the full, and that so far they are not doing this.

The core of the inflation problem is that, under the abnormal conditions of wartime, the supply of money is fast outrunning the supply of goods. The people's purchasing power has risen greatly and is still rising, while the supply of goods which might absorb that purchasing power has greatly decreased, and is due to decrease further in the not distant future as more manpower and materials are diverted from non-war to war uses and as reserve stocks of goods are consumed. This shortage of supply in relation to demand would normally have produced a very large rise in prices, but the actual rise so far has been surprisingly moderate due to the Government's controls, taxes and borrowings from the people. However, the pressure on the price level is increasing all the time, not only because of the widening gap between supply and demand, but because of the influence of other factors such as the general uptrend of wages despite governmental efforts to stabilize them, which increases costs of production, and the decline in volume and greater cost of imports.

In these circumstances the existence of an excessively high public purchasing power is doubly dangerous. It is highly desirable that it be reduced, for the welfare of the war economy and for the welfare of the nation and people apart from the war. But to reduce it, the Government can do only so much; the people themselves must do something, a considerable something.

Must Borrow $2,748 Millions

For the fiscal year to end March 31, 1944, Mr. Ilsley estimates that expenditures of $5,500 millions and gross revenues of $2,752 millions will leave a deficit of $2,748 millions to be met by borrowing. The comparable estimated deficit for the fiscal year now ending is $2,162 millions. To close this gap in the 1942-43 fiscal year the Government borrowed $1,070 millions from the people in Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates, it borrowed $790 millions from the chartered banks and $193 millions from the Bank of Canada, and took care of the rest out of its own unusually heavy cash balances remaining at the end of the previous fiscal year. (Actually in the calendar year 1942, as distinct from the fiscal year 1942-43, the Government got about $1,750 millions from the two Victory Loans.)

In the coming fiscal year Mr. Ilsley would like the people to lend the Government, through purchases of bonds and savings certificates, $2,748 millions. Any amount by which the people fail to make this total will have to be borrowed from the banks, and Mr. Ilsley doesn't want to do this. "To the degree that the Government has had to borrow from the banks rather than directly from personal savings, to the degree that the spending power of the Government has been increased and the spending power of the public has not been reduced by an equal amount, we have contributed to the pressure on prices and on the supplies of necessary products," said the Finance Minister. "We as a people must bind our efforts with renewed and persistent strength to the task of increasing savings and placing them in the service of the nation."

War Workers Should Buy More Bonds

As regards the ability of Canadians to reduce their personal spending and lend more to the Government, Mr. Ilsley said that "The evidence of both statistics and common sense is pretty clear that all we have experienced so far, on the average, is some moderate decline from the peak of wartime consumption and some increase in the inconvenience of shopping and travelling." Mr. Ilsley indicated that there are three ways in which Canadians can help to make Victory Loan and War Savings drives more successful: first, by buying more bonds and certificates; second, by holding on to them when bought, and third, by a more general buying by all income classes. He said that too many loan subscribers are selling their bonds after each loan campaign; too many savings certificate purchasers are cashing them. While there's no restriction on the sale of bonds or redemption of certificates, he emphasized that the only legitimate reason for such action is a personal emergency. And as the brunt of wartime taxation has been borne by the middle-income and high-income groups, the need is for an increased subscription to Victory Loans and War Savings by those of lower income.

Though Mr. Ilsley didn't say so, it is the latter field which seems to offer the best prospect of meeting the Government's revenue requirements and at the same time reducing the excess public purchasing power that is endangering the price structure. For the major reason for the existence of that excess is not wage increases, though these are a factor, but the multitude of new workers in wartime, all of whose income is an addition to the community's spending power and is being exercised upon a considerably shrunken volume of consumer goods and services.

A large proportion of munitions workers are persons who were formerly dependents or had retired from active work, and who perhaps can afford to make larger proportionate investments in Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates than can older-established workers with families and other obligations to take care of, many or most of whom, incidentally, have had no increase in income during the war. It would seem that a feature of the Fourth Victory Loan might well be a special drive on the new-rich and free-spending war-workers.

Italian wives to buy war materials from abroad to assist his barbarisms against Abyssinia, Hitler was prosecuting vast public works schemes in a way which proved that he had never been to the gold school, or understood sound economics.

Now, in this war, the United States, Canada and Australia have recognized the iron necessity of war by reducing their mining of gold and switching over to fuller exploitation of base metal resources.

What about the future? The great need after the war will be for a revival of international trade on the most liberal lines. What ever the devices of international finance, they must serve this end or they will be, not just useless, but antagonistic to progress. Gold has become identified with the reactionary school who want to put the clock back to pre-1939, to make economic policy serve Mammon. This proposition needs to be examined.

International trade, given the necessary basis of international goodwill, can be effectively reborn only on the foundation of an international monetary set-up which recognizes the relation between the purchasing powers of different currencies, and allows for the settling of international balances without dispute. Trade will need its financial servant. Not a master—those wrongheaded days are gone for good. But a reliable and constant servant. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the qualities of the servant will need to be very much those posited by the old economists if she is to deserve her place. For how have circumstances really altered since the days when gold achieved, not by a stroke of a City pen but by intrinsic aptness for the job, its supreme monetary position.

Maldistribution Soluble

True, there are differences. The United States is holding nearly all the world's stock of monetary gold, while the British Empire is producing more than half the total production. And after the war British indebtedness to America will be such that to discharge it in the orthodox fashion would mean the burying of all the Empire's production of gold for a long time to come in the vaults of the American Treasury. But it is easy to exaggerate the difficulty of the maldistribution of the metal. Its present maldistribution is like a disease which looks terribly bad, simply because the doctor has not yet arrived. And our concern about the doctor is not whether he knows the right medicine, for well we know what that is, but whether he will be in the right frame of mind to administer it.

America can solve the gold distribution problem by a liberal trade policy, by buying freely from overseas, and by wiping out the memory—as bitter to her as to any of her debtors—of her forlorn fiscal policy after the last war. That she will adopt such a policy is, to say the least, a reasonable prospect, for if she alone has gold who else will be willing to enter into a relationship in which the country without gold is a beggar? Her gold will only be of use if she permits its redistribution through the processes of trade.

Gold Has Been Misused

Even so, there are those who will continue to argue against gold, as though it were a serpent in the garden. But the fact that gold has been misused—incredibly and almost fatally misused—does not alter one jot the metal's qualifications for use in understanding hands. The antagonists of gold have been blaming the clay for the potter's shortcoming, and they propose to substitute some unnamed mud for it in their brave new world of miracles. What indeed do they suggest for gold? Silver? But that has been tried and found wanting, for it is just another metal without gold's qualifications. Paper? But what is paper without a backing? Sterling? But whence would sterling derive its virtue? Without gold it would be a paper backing. Dollars? The same applies, and here it is significant that the dollar apostles (who, of course, hate gold) really support their choice in the argument of the vast gold reserves of the United States. Before we join in the lamentably general cry against gold let us consider these things, and let the supporters of the "something else" tell us just what it is.

Winter's blasts mean little to this U.S. Coastguardsman patrolling his section of the Atlantic seaboard against possible enemy attempts to land spies, saboteurs. Even his eyes are protected behind fog-proof lenses in the foul-weather mask he wears. He carries a tommy-gun as a weapon.

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PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN. WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of Two Dollars per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of April, 1943 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd of March, 1943.

G. H. ROGERS,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 24, 1943

DIVIDEND

CHARTERED TRUST AND EXECUTOR COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of Chartered Trust and Executor Company for the quarter ending March 31st, 1943, payable April 1st, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 15th, 1943.

By Order of the Board,
E. W. McNEILL,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto,
February 25th, 1943.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

HINDE & DAUCH

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am interested in the common stock of Hinde & Dauch Paper Co. of Canada and would appreciate your comment on it. The company appears to be in good shape and the dividend return is unusually attractive. Can you give me the earnings figures for 1942?

—T. L. B., Westmount, Que.

Yes, the current yield is attractive, over 7.1 per cent with an annual dividend rate of $1 and a price of 14. The company is in good shape, as you say, and it did well in 1942. But what about the prospects ahead? In the remarks of Hinde & Dauch's president on this point, in connection with the issuance of the annual report, we seem to find an explanation of the high yield. He said that it was impossible to predict, with any degree of certainty, just how the company will fare during the present year. Materials, supplies and labor are becoming more of a problem each day, and controls definitely have lessened, and may lessen further, the demand for the company's products from many directions. On the other hand, there is quite a possibility that certain trends, brought about by restrictions, and other new developments that the company is presently pursuing, will have a refreshing effect on the demand for its products, and, it is hoped, may offset tonnage losses to a good extent.

During the year 1942 new peaks in mill productions were established while box factory productions were maintained at substantially the high levels reached in 1941. However due to higher manufacturing costs with no offsetting compensation through higher selling prices since these are still those effective in June, 1940, there was a decline in operating profits from $1,338,299 to $1,222,326. On the other hand, net tax provision was reduced from $635,000 to $484,546, so that net profit was $526,508 or $1.76 per share. Of this $494,186 or $1.65 per share was retained net profit while $32,322 or 11c per share was the refundable portion of excess profits tax. In 1941, net profit was $496,599 or $1.66 per share and for the year 1940 net per share was $1.39.

PORT COLDWELL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am interested in a new venture, the Port Coldwell Mines and Metals Co., and I would greatly appreciate your comments on the present and post-war prospects of the company. Do you consider the stock a good investment?

—M. H., Petawawa, Ont.

While Port Coldwell Mines and Metals certainly cannot be considered a "good investment" it has interesting possibilities as a speculation. In addition to two chrome prospects in the Gaspe peninsula, which it controls, a large nepheline syenite deposit is held in the Lake Superior district, and this is regarded as the main bet of the two. The chromite deposits are being developed by Chromium Mining and Smelting Corporation on a royalty basis.

The company plans to operate the nepheline syenite property itself and proposes erection of a mill to remove the iron bearing minerals and make a low iron, high nepheline product for the ceramic trade to replace potash feldspar now so widely used. Eventually it is expected a concentrator will be erected for production of pure nepheline concentrates, which in turn will supply various combinations of high grade silica and alumina such as are used in the making of rubber, glass, paint, porcelain, vitreous wares, textiles etc., and in the aluminum chemicals industry. As

REGRETS

No Business and Market Forecast this week—"Haruspex", Saturday Night's gifted diviner, has the flu. Next week, we hope, the Forecast as usual. Editor.

Courtesy, New York Tribune.

IT'S HARD TO TEACH OLD DOGS NEW TRICKS

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

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NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares, 1¾% ($1.75) for the current quarter;

On the Common Shares, 75c per share;

On the Common Shares, an extra $2.00 per share;

all payable April 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record March 20th, 1943.

By Order of the Board.
W. P. RILEY,
President.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 59

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifty cents (50c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending March 31st, 1943, payable by cheque dated April 15th, 1943, to shareholders as of record at the close of business on March 31st, 1943. Such cheques will be mailed on April 14th, 1943, by the Montreal Trust Company from Vancouver.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary

Vancouver, B.C.
March 5th, 1943.

THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of The Montreal Cottons Limited, will be held in the office of the Company, 710 Victoria Square, Montreal, on Wednesday, the 24th day of March, nineteen hundred and forty-three, at the hour of 12.15 P.M. for the purpose of receiving the Annual Report, electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, appointing auditors, and to transact such further business as may come before the meeting.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Valleyfield, March 5th, 1943.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

quarrying methods will be used the costs should be low, and the deposit is well located for railway and water transportation. Exploration has indicated huge tonnages of high grade material, and an active peacetime, as well as war demand, for the company's products is to be expected.

A comfortable cash position is reported and the company has an underwriting agreement to provide the further funds necessary to proceed with development and production plans.

BEAUHARNOIS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I note that Beauharnois Light, Heat and Power Company enjoyed a big gain in earnings last year, due to largely increased sales of power. Can you tell me if further growth of this kind is to be expected this year?

—F. B., Winnipeg, Man.

I would say that Beauharnois' sharp gain in income last year, due mainly to larger sales of electricity, cannot be expected to continue on anything like the same scale in 1943 because the factor mainly responsible for that growth, the delivery of 50,000 additional h.p. to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, has been completed and Beauharnois is now delivering the maximum power called for under the Hydro contract.

However two sources of increased revenue will be available for 1943. One of these will be a full 12 months of deliveries of the extra 50,000 h.p. which provided earnings for only a portion of 1942, the payment for the entire block this year being $625,000. Then there will be the further sales of power, such little surplus as now exists, to the parent company, Montreal L. H. & P. Under its contract with Beauharnois, Montreal Power is obligated for only 150,000 h.p. per annum but took very much more in 1942 and will purchase still more during the current year. Apparently very little is now available out of the total production of Beauharnois, and any surplus may be expected to be steadily absorbed with the growing demands for power in the Montreal area this year. Here again, it seems reasonable to assume that the increased consumption for 1943 over 1942, through deliveries by Montreal Power itself, will not be as great as those of 1942 over 1941 as, to a large extent, new war industries appear to have been fairly well completed during the past year or early in 1943.

Beauharnois' revenue amounted to $6,933,453, an increase of almost $1,400,000 from the 1941 figures of $5,539,343, up $2,600,000 from the 1940 total of $4,337,832, and over $3,000,000 above the 1939 total of $3,920,352.

BY TAPPING MORE TREES!

KERR-ADDISON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What are the possibilities, in your opinion, for a rise in the market price of Kerr-Addison Gold Mines shares? Any information you can give me regarding the company's situation will be valued by me.

—T. D. E., Belleville, Ont.

If times were normal Kerr-Addison undoubtedly would be expanding operations, hence the possibilities for capital appreciation and greater income in the post-war period are highly promising. With more ore per ton of milling capacity now proven than any other gold mine, along with excellent prospects for adding further tonnage, it is the foremost gold development of recent years. Along with large ore reserves and development which suggests a future higher milling rate and increased earning power, the management is extremely capable, costs favorable and cash position strong.

It is estimated that ore reserves above the 1,450-foot level are sufficient for 11 years' milling at the recent rate of 2,100 tons daily, and diamond drilling has indicated the possibility of richer ore around a depth of 2,000 feet. Ore developments have been exceptional and new orebodies have been disclosed in the limited work possible at present. For the duration, however, it is restricted to a lower tonnage and production rate than justified by development.

In spite of the struggle to keep the mill tonnage around the recent average due to the shortage of labor the present dividend rate may be maintained, although naturally there is no assurance of this.

MACASSA, PICKLE CROW

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What is your opinion of Macassa and Pickle Crow at present?

—F. P. S., Coldwater, Ont.

Ore reserves at Macassa are sufficient for nearly four years' milling at the current rate and the proven and potential ore position is suggestive of expansion when conditions improve. Development results are satisfactory and the management is not worried over depth possibilities as the adjoining Kirkland Lake Gold property is opening good ore 1,500 feet deeper than the present Macassa workings. Production and profits have been lowered due to the shortage of labor, higher taxes, the strike, etc., and in 1942 earnings were 33 cents a share as compared with 37 cents in the previous year. Dividends paid last year were 30 cents a share, and the treasury position is strong. The company has a potential source of earning power after the war in its subsidiary, Renabie Mines.

A steady decline was shown during the past year in production figures at Pickle Crow and it has been officially intimated that the prevailing rate of output was not sufficient to maintain dividends at 30 cents annually. Pickle Crow's trouble is not ore but labor, but this is particularly so due to the fact the mine is somewhat isolated. A large expenditure was made last year in sinking a new shaft to mine the north orebodies. Both the mine and liquid position are excellent and the rich north zone should compensate for the lower grade developed in the main vein at depth.

CANADA STEAMSHIPS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding some preferred shares of Canada Steamship Lines and would value your opinion of the outlook for business for this company in the 1943 navigation season, also as to the earnings from shipbuilding activities. Do you consider the preferred dividend safe?

—H. W., Moncton, N.B.

There seems every reason to believe that Canada Steamship Lines will not only have another busy season in 1943, in view of the shortage of cargo space on the Great Lakes for handling war-stimulated traffic, but will also enjoy a continuance of high earning power for the duration of the war.

Plans for reorganization of Canada's shipbuilding program may have some effect on earnings of Canada Steamship Lines, as one of the largest ship producers in Canada. The company has been operating the expanded facilities of its shipbuilding subsidiary at capacity and this subsidiary has become an important source of revenues. Any changes in type of work or in basis of payment might conceivably reduce revenues from the shipyards. Earnings of the organization as a whole, however, are expected to hold up reasonably well again this year, despite high tax rates. There seems at the moment little danger to the preferred stock dividend.

ASSOCIATED BREWERIES OF CANADA LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Quarterly Dividend (No. 58) of 1¾% upon the outstanding Preferred shares of the Company has been declared, payable, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, on the First day of April, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the Tenth day of March, 1943.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN THAT a Quarterly Dividend (No. 55) of Twenty Five Cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared, payable, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, on the Thirty-First day of March, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the Tenth day of March, 1943.

By order of the Board.

I. N. WILSON,
Treasurer.

Calgary, Alberta,
February 27th, 1943.

ASSOCIATED BREWERIES OF CANADA LIMITED

To Holders of Preferred Shares:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that for the purpose of carrying out the redemption of 500 of the Preferred Shares of the outstanding issue of this Company, and pursuant to Resolution of the Board of Directors and to the provisions of the Companies Act, 1934, the Registers of Transfers of Preferred Shares will be closed from the close of business on April 13th, 1943, to the commencement of business on April 26th, 1943.

Dated at the City of Calgary, in the Province of Alberta, this 27th day of February, 1943.

I. N. WILSON,
Treasurer.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter and that the same will be payable on and after

1ST APRIL 1943

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,

WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

4th March 1943.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 368

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 25th day of March, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 11th day of March, 1943.

DATED the 4th day of March, 1943.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds

The facilities of our organization are at the disposal of investors for the purchase or sale of securities and for the analysis of investment problems.

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Sketches on C.P.R. and Brazilian are now available and investors may secure copies upon request.

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HOWARD W. PILLOW, President

CHARLES G. COWAN, Vice-Pres. & Man. Dir. — G. HAROLD BURLAND, Sec.-Treas.

Beware the Ides of March!

Caesar's soothsayer warned the Emperor of impending disaster at the Ides of March, but Caesar failed to take adequate protection against something he could not foresee. Today—fires, accidents, burglaries, know no season. They strike when least expected. It's a wise man who heeds the warning and protects himself, his family, his home and business with insurance in "The South British". Ask your agent for protection in this strong British Company.

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Colin E. Sword, Manager for Canada

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● Surprising as it may seem—plenty of motorists still throw caution to the winds by driving without full liability insurance, not realizing that a serious accident may cripple them financially for the rest of their lives.

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BASED ON THE HIGHEST RESERVE STANDARDS

LOYAL PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE CO.
TORONTO, ONTARIO — WM. SKELTON, *Manager for Canada*

ABOUT INSURANCE

Prejudice Against Insurance?

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Although it is true that the public continue to purchase it in greater volume than ever before, there is probably no other large business in the world so subject at times to misunderstanding and misrepresentation as insurance. Much of the criticism of insurance would fall to the ground if the public knew more about the business.

Without such enlightenment, it is impossible to say what the future holds in store for the business, but it is not difficult to foresee more regulation and control of private insurance and even further inroads by the state into the insurance business, unless the public has been made acquainted beforehand with the economic unsoundness of such undertakings.

WHILE the life insurance companies in Canada in their associated capacity have during the past two decades been taking direct action by means of institutional advertising to spread a better knowledge of the services they render in the community, in the case of the fire and casualty companies, with few exceptions, little or nothing has been done in the way of organized publicity to create a better understanding of their functions on the part of the general public. They have depended largely upon the service rendered and indemnity furnished under their contracts, and upon their armies of agents, to develop a favorable public opinion.

That this procedure has not been successful in achieving its objective is shown by the fact that there is still in existence a great deal of prejudice against the insurance business—but less against life than against the other classes—mainly because the business as a whole has failed to take the masses of the people into its confidence. In its advertising contacts with the public, it is usually content to rest its case on statements of bigness and financial strength—often figures of assets and liabilities and surplus that are meaningless so far as the average reader is concerned. If the amounts are very large, the impression frequently conveyed is that insurance companies are really instruments of high finance, soulless corporations, rather than necessary, even if profit-making, institutions.

Emphasis on Size

As a result, there is much of the cynical rather than the sympathetic in the attitude of the public towards insurance. Emphasis in insurance advertising on size and wealth rather than on the benefits furnished and service rendered has had much to do with creating such a feeling in the public mind. Insurance executives, as a rule, have been too fully occupied in the work of acquiring more business and in extending their agency connections to give much time or attention to the problem of bringing about a better understanding of insurance on the part of the general public.

Accordingly, when there is a move to make a government monopoly of a branch of the insurance business such as workmen's compensation insurance, for instance, there is no public outcry against the state going into the insurance business, even though the cost of the coverage under a government monopoly, all things considered, may be greater than when insurance is conducted as a private enterprise.

But no special effort having been made to enlighten the public as to the advantages in the way of service and flexibility of coverage of insurance as a private and competitive enterprise over the rigid coverage furnished by an arbitrary state monopoly, it is not to be expected that the masses of the people would take an active part in support of the efforts of the insurance interests to retain any particular branch of the business in their own hands.

While it may be regarded in some quarters as too late now to take any steps which would be effective in reclaiming any branch of the business which has already been made a government monopoly, it is not too late to carry on a campaign of public enlightenment with respect to other branches of the insurance business which might be successful in preventing any further encroachments by the state on insurance as a private enterprise.

It is no secret that the political party known as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation is in favor of the socialization of both the banking and the life insurance business, and that it will endeavor to carry out such a program if ever it gets into power at Ottawa. It would be the height of folly to wait until after its advent to office before taking measures to counteract such a radical and uneconomic move.

Relations with Public

There is evidence now that insurance executives both in Canada and the United States are becoming more concerned about the problem of establishing better relations with the public. In a recent address before an association of insurance agents at St. Paul, Minn., Mr. C. H. Smith, manager of the Western department of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, referred to the fact that there is considerable animosity or indifference on the part of the public towards insurance. He said the public generally do not regard the insurance business as doing a particularly good job, nor do they think that all their operations, and especially the remuneration insurance men receive from the business, or the profits that are made by the companies, are legitimate.

He added: "Ask any banker how much profit he thinks the insurance companies make and he will say that it is high. He will not believe that the average profit in the insurance business for the past ten years was only in the neighborhood of two per cent until his attention is called to the figures. Ask any newspaper man, the men who are writing editorials, and they will tell you some things about the insurance business which are in no sense true but which nevertheless are believed by them. They will tell you that we are making enormous profits without much regard to public welfare. Recently a survey was made of several hundred newspaper editors throughout the country. They were asked to grade ten industries, showing the public good will for each of them. Insurance was one, and invariably insurance was graded tenth."

He also referred to a statement made to him by the vice-president of one of Chicago's largest banks. This banker told him he thought the insurance business was the biggest racket he knew of, and when asked what he meant by that, the banker answered that he knew the commission that was being paid agents for writing policies; that such commission was without reason; and that on account of this knowledge he had switched considerable business to agentless mutuals solely because he was not willing to have an unreasonable part of the premium he paid go simply for filling out and signing a policy.

It is evidently not enough for those in the insurance business to know that in the great majority of cases the business is as efficiently and economically administered as any other

Why YOU SHOULD INSURE NORTHWESTERN

Absolute protection—and at a saving in cost. Over $1,847,000 in dividends returned to policyholders in 1942.

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The Wawanēsa Mutual Insurance Company
—ORGANIZED IN 1896—
Admitted Assets - $3,310,837.04
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THE **Casualty Company of Canada**
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
E. D. GOODERHAM, President — A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

mmercial undertaking, and that it ntributes as much, if not more, to e public well being as any other siness enterprise. Mr. Smith ad- its that those in the business must ke a considerable part of the re- onsibility for the unsatisfactory tuation which exists, because, as he ys, they have been entirely too nug. They have been willing to go along their way, do their work and say very little about it, with the result that people outside the business do not understand them. Now they are beginning to realize that the creation of better public relations is a matter of pressing importance, and that it will require the efforts of all engaged in the business, whether as officials, employees or agents.

INSURANCE INQUIRIES

ditor, About Insurance:

Please give me figures on The Canian Order of Foresters as to total surance in force, number of policyolders and total assets to date. How es this Order stand with other anadian insurance Orders in insurnce and sick benefits.

—A. C. J., Brandon, Man.

At the beginning of 1942, the latest te for which Government figures e available, the total insurance in rce of the Canadian Order of Forters, with head office at Brantford, nt., was $32,056,623, of which $25,-9,944 was whole life insurance, ,676,273 limited payment life insurnce, $5,171,406 endowment insurnce, and $129,000 was on other plans. The total admitted assets were $19,743,262. Total receipts in the mortuary fund in 1941 were $1,477,-037, while the total disbursements were $1,076,015. Total receipts in the sickness and funeral fund were $96,-738, while the total disbursements were $50,674. Total receipts in the general expense fund were $166,586, while the total disbursements amounted to $165,459. As the Canadian Order of Foresters operates on an actuarial reserve basis and shows a surplus over reserves and all liabilities, it is safe to insure with for fraternal insurance. Claims are readily collectable. The number of members or policyholders is not shown in the Government reports, but the number of policies in force appears in the detailed reports of the Ontario Superintendent of Insurance, but the detailed report for the year ended December 31, 1941, has not yet come to hand. At the end of 1940 the total number of policies in force was 37,195.

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Company Reports

WAWANESA MUTUAL

DURING the past year the admitted assets of the Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Company increased from $3,310,837 to $3,819,972, showing a gain for 1942 of $509,135. In addition, the company holds $1,079,647 of Western Canada premium notes, which are not taken into the balance sheet as assets but are treated as contingent assets only. Over 67 per cent of the company's investments now consist of Dominion Government Bonds. The company's subscriptions to the three Victory Loans total nearly $1,000,000. Surplus of assets over liabilities increased from $1,735,148 to $2,014,637, showing a gain of $279,-489. Out of the surplus over $50,000 was paid in dividends on special profit-sharing casualty policies and to holders of fire policies in Western Canada where losses were unusually low. Net premiums written in 1942 amounted to $2,444,287, showing an increase over the figures for the previous year of $289,244. The underwriting gain for 1942 was $309,358. The company's deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively was increased from $1,316,633 to $1,939,324, an increase of $622,691.

CANADIAN GENERAL

STEADY progress was made last year by the Canadian General Insurance Company. Assets were increased from $2,127,843 to $2,267,632, the surplus as regards policyholders was increased from $1,030,983 to $1,-032,278, and the net surplus over paid up capital, reserves and all liabilities was increased from $530,983 to $532,-278. During 1942 the reserve for unearned premiums and the special reserve for guarantee bonds were increased from $598,083 to $611,259. Total written premiums for the year for all classes of insurance transacted by the company were $1,038,547, as compared with $1,122,165 for 1941, but the earned premiums last year were $46,000 greater than in 1941, and the unearned premium reserve was also larger by the sum of $14,000. On an earned premium basis, the loss ratio for all classes of business transacted was 41.64 per cent, compared with 40.11 per cent in 1941. The underwriting profit in 1942 was $88,299, compared with $86,559 in the previous year. Income from investments was $73,681, compared with $73,841 in 1941, the slight decrease being due mostly to the increased holding of Government securities.

TORONTO GENERAL

DURING 1942 the Toronto General Insurance Company, which is under the same management as the Canadian General Insurance Company, added to the strength of its business and financial position. Assets were increased from $1,659,079 to $1,800,850, showing a gain of $141,-771, while the surplus as regards policyholders was increased from $800,902 to $822,791, showing a gain of $21,889. The net surplus at the end of 1942 over paid up capital, reserves and all liabilities was $538,500, as compared with $516,511 at the end of the previous year, showing a gain of $21,889. The unearned premium reserve and the special reserve for guarantee bonds were increased from $489,314 to $500,121. Total written premiums in 1942 on all classes of business transacted by the company were $849,720, compared with $928,-973 in 1941, but the total earned premiums were actually $20,000 more than in the previous year. The total reserve for unearned premiums was $481,559, showing an increase for the year of about $11,500. The loss ratio on an earned premium basis for all classes of business was 41.81 per cent, compared with 41.89 per cent in 1941. The underwriting profit in 1942 was $70,847.

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Give Wings To Victory

Workers and management, heroically speeding up the number of bombers, fighters and pursuit planes, are playing their part in the battle of production to bring victory. May the flow of war machines keep ever mounting until the United Nations have achieved victory. Through hundreds of branches across Canada the Bank of Montreal is co-operating with war-time workers and industries.

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Supervisory Office—8 King St. W.—Toronto

CANADIAN GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY

BALANCE SHEET as at 31st December, 1942

ASSETS			LIABILITIES		
Cash on hand and in banks		$ 169,495.78	Reserve of unearned premiums at 80%	$ 588,572.52	
Investments at market values authorized by the Department of Insurance of the Dominion of Canada:			Special reserve for guarantee bonds..	22,686.10	$ 611,258.62
Bonds and debentures	$1,621,438.56		Provision for unpaid claims (including $15,000 reserve for unreported claims)	$ 356,781.25	
Stocks	260,155.00		Agents' credit balances (net)	3,195.69	
	$1,881,593.56		Reinsurance premiums due and unpaid	55,973.18	
Mortgages	11,656.97		Reserve for taxes	125,456.35	
	$1,893,250.53		Accounts payable and accrued expenses	18,254.43	
Interest accrued	15,239.31	1,908,489.84	Reserve for unlicensed reinsurance ..	39,435.00	599,095.90
Agents' balances and premiums uncollected (net)		153,312.86	Reserve for contingencies		25,000.00
Owing by other insurance companies		21,512.15	Capital:		
Post-war refund under the Excess Profits Tax Act		7,700.00	Authorized 10,000 shares of $100 each		
Sundry assets		7,121.64	Issued and fully paid 5,000 shares of $100 each	$ 500,000.00	
		$2,267,632.27	Surplus—including premium on capital	532,277.75	1,032,277.75
					$2,,267,632.27

W. P. FESS, President.

C. SYKES, Secretary and Treasurer.

CONDENSED PROFIT AND LOSS AND SURPLUS ACCOUNTS

For the Year Ended 31st December, 1942

Profit and loss account:		
Premiums earned (net)		$1,024,557.93
Claims incurred (net)	$ 426,665.30	
Commissions incurred (net)	282,509.30	
Expenses	227,084.19	936,258.79
Underwriting Profit		$ 88,299.14
Income from investments, etc.	$ 73,681.96	
Reduction in special reserve for guarantee bonds	813.90	74,495.86
		$ 162,795.00
Provision for Dominion income and excess profits taxes	$ 92,000.00	
Less refundable portion thereof	7,700.00	84,300.00
Profit for year		$ 78,495.00
Surplus Account:		
Balance at 31st December, 1941		$ 530,982.69
Dividend to shareholders		25,000.00
		$ 505,982.69
Profit for year		$ 78,495.00
Less:		
Adjustment of investments to market value	$ 36,664.94	
Reserved for unlicensed reinsurance	15,535.00	52,199.94
		$ 26,295.06
Balance, surplus at 31st December, 1942		$ 532,277.75

TORONTO GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY

BALANCE SHEET 31st December, 1942

ASSETS			LIABILITIES		
Cash on hand and in banks		$ 127,260.34	Reserve of unearned premiums at 80%	$ 481,559.33	
Investments, at market values authorized by the Department of Insurance of the Dominion of Canada:			Special reserve for guarantee bonds ..	18,561.36	$ 500,120.69
Bonds and debentures	$1,290,701.21		Provision for unpaid claims (including $15,000 reserved for unreported claims)	$ 306,853.63	
Stocks	227,470.00		Agents' credit balances (net)	774.37	
	$1,518,171.21		Reinsurance premiums due and unpaid	1,166.03	
Mortgages	31,471.65		Reserve for taxes	78,174.27	
	$1,549,642.86		Accounts payable and accrued expenses	33,704.88	
Interest accrued	12,446.88	1,562,089.74	Reserve for unlicensed reinsurance ..	32,265.00	452,938.18
Agents' balances and premiums uncollected (net)		92,196.11	Reserve for contingencies		25,000.00
Owing by other insurance companies		12,416.41	Capital:		
Post-war refund under the Excess Profits Tax Act		5,200.00	Authorized—200,000 shares of $3 each		
Sundry accounts receivable		1,687.40	Issued — 94,797 shares of $3 each	$ 284,391.00	
		$1,800,850.00	Surplus—including capital surplus ..	538,400.13	822,791.13
					$1,800,850.00

W. P. FESS, President.

C. SYKES, Secretary and Treasurer.

CONDENSED PROFIT AND LOSS AND SURPLUS ACCOUNTS

For the Year Ended 31st December, 1942

Profit and loss account:		
Premiums earned (net)		$ 838,274.66
Claims incurred (net)	$ 350,486.70	
Commissions incurred (net)	231,143.96	
Expenses	185,796.15	767,426.81
Underwriting profit		$ 70,847.85
Income from investments, etc.	$ 61,179.55	
Decrease in reserve for guaranteed bonds	638.64	61,818.19
		$ 132,666.04
Provision for Dominion income and excess profits taxes	$ 61,500.00	
Less refundable portion thereof	5,200.00	56,300.00
Profit for year		$ 76,366.04
Surplus Account:		
Balance at 31st December, 1941		$ 516,511.03
Dividend to shareholders		23,697.00
		$ 492,814.03
Profit for year		$ 76,366.04
Less:		
Adjustment of investments to market value	$ 17,014.94	
Reserved for unlicensed reinsurance	13,765.90	30,779.94
		$ 45,586.10
Balance, surplus at 31st December, 1942		$ 538,400.13

What the Mines Are Doing

BY J. A. McRAE

GOLD output from the Kirkland Lake gold area reached $2,383,638 during January, compared with $1,823,404 in the corresponding month of 1942. The lower output of a year ago was caused by the partial labor strike.

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Gold production from the mines of Ontario as a whole for January of 1943 was $7,580,070 compared with $8,479,013 in the opening month of the preceding year.

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The gold mines of the Porcupine district produced $3,687,663 during the first month of 1943, compared with $4,567,994 in the first month of 1942. Shortage of labor accounted for the decline. The annual statements of the gold producers in the Porcupine area will soon be forthcoming, and preliminary estimates suggest they will disclose no serious impairment of ore reserves.

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Malartic Gold Fields has reduced mill operations by some 40 tons of ore per day to conform to orders of the Metals Controller that operations must not exceed the average rate established in the first four months of 1942.

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MacLeod-Cockshutt and Hard Rock Mines in the Long Lac area have finally been relieved of the necessity for making plans for erection of a plant to recover arsenic. Throughout 1942 the United States government as well as authorities at Ottawa were pressing for such a plant. The mining companies in question extended full co-operation. However, whereas the installation of such a plant would involve the outlay of around $1,000,000, and whereas the production of arsenic was not expected to be profitable but, rather, a means of securing the product for war purposes, the companies looked to the governments to underwrite the expenditure. Now comes the advice that interest in Washington has disappeared and the plan has been abandoned.

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Leitch Gold Mines produced $974,544 during 1942 compared with $894,725 in 1941. The small plant operated at a little over 83 tons of ore per day and produced an average of $32.40 from each ton. The net profit for 1942 was $307,226 compared with $260,637 in 1941. A feature of operations was a sharp increase in ore reserves, rising to 205,094 tons as compared with 144,374 a year ago. At the current value of gold the ore reserves contain over $30 to the ton, or more than $6,000,000.

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The merging of Sudbury Basin and Ventures Ltd. equities was ratified by the stockholders on the basis of three of Sudbury Basin shares for one of Ventures. Through this development, Ventures has made an important stride forward toward the desired goal of becoming an operating company rather than a holding company.

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Moneta Porcupine Gold Mines has exhausted its ore reserves and is expected to close down by the end of April. The mine was a late-comer in the Porcupine area, picking off one small area of enrichment which had been overlooked. From this small area some $4,250,000 has been produced. Shareholders have been paid 47 cents a share extending over a period of about four years. In addition, the company has accumulated net liquid assets of more than $1,300,000 with which to reach out for other profitable mines in the future. Moneta Porcupine is already one of the principal owners of Dominion Magnesium Ltd. which recently went into production on an important scale.

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Ventures, Ltd., now that it has absorbed the holdings of Sudbury Basin Mines, holds around 2,500,000 shares of Falconbridge Nickel Mines. The issued capital of Falconbridge is some 3,340,000 shares. In view of the move to make Ventures an operating company rather than a holding company, there is a growing belief that Falconbridge Nickel Mines may also be ultimately absorbed by Ventures to the mutual satisfaction of shareholders of Falconbridge and Ventures. Ventures itself is conservatively capitalized at 2,000,000 shares. Some adjustment might be required in capital structure, but provided all the Lindsley-controlled mining projects could be brought into one organization, the enterprise would rank high among the leaders in Canada. Not only are these companies making a big contribution in the way of production of minerals, but the organization is pulling its full weight in research work for the benefit of the mineral industry as a whole.

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Teck township, in which is located the rich gold mining town of Kirkland Lake, is being compelled to appeal to Ottawa for financial assistance. The Ontario authorities have already been approached by the distressed township, only to receive the advice that Teck Township should take its troubles to Ottawa. If Ottawa has siphoned off the means which enabled Teck township to function, it is considered only reasonable that Ottawa should now be prepared to adopt the cripple which it helped to make.

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Macassa Mines produced $2,144,501 during 1942 compared with $2,521,389 in 1941. Net profit for 1942 was $870,504 in 1942 compared with $994,881 in 1941. The balance sheet shows total current assets at the close of 1942 had declined to $906,781 as compared with $1,142,021 at the end of 1941. Current liabilities are $300,233. Ore reserves were maintained at 506,700 tons compared with 507,350 tons a year ago.

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Hollinger Con. Gold Mines produced $15,285,950 during 1942, compared with $17,365,852 in the preceding year. Net profit during 1942 was $4,459,928 compared with $5,420,601 in 1941. The profit on mine operation was $3,589,642, but this was augmented by an income of $870,286 in the form of interest and dividends received from invested surplus. The company paid $3,198,000 or 65 cents per share in 1942 as compared with $5,412,000 or $1.10 per share in the preceding year. The sharp decline was due to shortage of labor and supplies.

The Hitler War

(*Continued from Page* 15)

deed it was exceeded in only five months of the last war, during which our average rate of killing was 5.17 U-boats a month in 1917 and 6.4 a month in 1918.

During the North African landing it was announced from "Churchill's office" that five U-boats had been destroyed in two days, and 13 in a period which seemed just over a week. A more comprehensive figure was given by First Lord of the Admiralty A. V. Alexander on October 21st last, of 530 U-boats sunk or damaged by the British and American navies during the war. Exactly three weeks later Mr. Alexander raised this to 570. And at the end of February he said that our recent rate of killing had been the highest in history. That means higher than the 14 a month attained in September 1917.

There is absolutely no way of knowing, except from German intelligence figures, how many of these 570, now perhaps 650, heavily hit U-boats were destroyed. I am going to estimate 6 a month as the highest possible rate for the first year, totalling 72; 8 a month for the second year, totalling 96; 10 a month for the third year, totalling 120; and 12 a month for the first half of the fourth year, totalling 72; and making a grand total of 360 U-boats killed to date.

Today's U-boat is Superior

This brings us, finally, to the German U-boat building effort. If the Jerries started with 60 U-boats and have 450 today, and we have destroyed 360, then *they have built no fewer than 750 U-boats in this war already.* I am going to estimate that they built these at the rate of 10 a month during the first year, 15 a month during the second and 25 a month during the third year and since. As far as the German serial numbers can be taken as a guide, U-433 was finished in May 1941 and sunk in November 1941. U-574 was sunk in December 1942.

In the last war the Germans completed a total of 344 U-boats, and had 208 under construction at the end. Starting from almost nothing, they completed 19 subs during the first year, 65 during the second, 101 during the third, 99 during the fourth, and estimated they would have completed 167 during the fifth year, when they were at last in full swing, and had quite given up surface warship building, as they seem to have done early in this war.

The U-boats which they are building in this war are far superior to those of the last war. They have a much stronger, perfectly round, pressure hull, with bulges high up on its flanks to withstand depth-charge attack, rather like the bulges fitted on battle-ships, below the water-line, to absorb torpedo damage. Aided by power-driven intake valves, they can dive much more quickly, and sit out depth-charge attacks on the bottom, at 300-600 feet.

Cruise Up to 15,000 Miles

Improved Diesel engines give them a surface speed of 18 knots or more, and, with greater oil storage, a cruising range up to 15,000 miles. Before the war began British naval handbooks conjectured as to whether the Germans had not developed a new type of Diesel engine which would run under the surface, where electric motors and heavy batteries have heretofore been required.

U-boats captured and examined by the British during the war have been found to be still equipped with the traditional Diesel and electric propulsion; but during the stress of the Stalingrad defeat the German radio boasted of a new type which could run underwater with its Diesels, using a supply of very highly-compressed oxygen mixed with part of the exhaust gas. At about the same time the Germans boasted that they were using what they called "milch cows," submersible tankers, to refuel their U-boats at sea. How much of this they do is a question; for, after all, crews still have to rest from this cramped and gruelling life.

These more powerful U-boats, mounting heavier guns, have become something of a handful for our corvettes, and forced us to develop the larger "frigate," for which a big building program is laid down for 1943. Thus our convoys will be better protected; and it is an established fact that when we can provide the proper protection we can send a convoy through. One convoy of 66 ships which we sent to North Africa in January survived 50 U-boat attacks with only slight loss.

When to Destroy the U-boat

Still, the preposterous nature of the task of fighting the U-boats once they have spread out under the seven seas has occurred to many minds, and Bomber Command, in particular, have long advocated the policy of destroying the U-boat before it ever gets to sea. Air Marshal Harris was given a short fling at this early last year, with his raids on Luebeck, Rostock, and Bremen (U-boat building yards), and Cologne and Augsburg (diesel-engine works).

Then the situation at sea became so pressing that the Admiralty claimed they had to go after the U-boats already in operation, not those under construction, and for the rest of the year took about half of British 4-engined plane production and almost all of the Liberators delivered to Britain, for ocean patrol and convoy escort duty. Coastal Command claims, indeed, in a booklet just out, that it has carried out 587 attacks against U-boats during the war.

Lately Bomber Command has won a new chance to prove its theories, and has instituted a formidable series of day and night raids against the U-boat building yards and engine works in Germany, as well as the famous Burmeister and Wain works in Copenhagen (which your commentator has visited), and the most important operating bases on the French Atlantic coast, Brest, Lorient and St. Nazaire.

If these raids can be maintained they may finally check the steady growth of the German U-boat fleet and with our increasingly effective anti-U-boat work at sea, allow us at last to bring this menace under control. Sinkings there will be until the last day of the war, but if we could hold the tonnage loss to the level of the last six months, or lower it somewhat, our new building assures us the margin of victory.

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WAWANESA'S 47th REPORT

Figures for 1942 show Consistent Progress

Admitted Assets at Dec. 31	$3,819,972.11
(Not including Western Canada Premium Notes Amounting to $1,079,647.08)	
Surplus for Policyholders	2,014,637.07
Net Premiums Written	2,444,287.02
Dominion Government Deposit	1,939,324.33
Investments in Bonds, etc.	2,958,074.40

Both **Net Premiums Written** in the year and **Net Surplus** for the Protection of Policyholders **Exceed $2,000,000.00**

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